THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™
YOE® COMICS
MADAM CLIZIA
HAUNTED HORROR™
#18
V
THE Y.Y.Y.S. WANTS YOU!

MADAM CLIZIA

Art by
Drazen Kozjan

WELCOME BACK, *HORROR-LOVERS!* PULL UP A *SKULL* AND HAVE A *SEAT.* IT'S TIME FOR A TREAT, *PRE-CODE STYLE!* THESE COMICS ARE OLDER THAN DIRT, THAT'S WHY I KNOW YOU'LL *DIG 'EM.* IF YOU DON'T FEEL A CHILL DOWN YOUR SPINE, YOU MAY BE *DEAD* ALREADY! CHECK YOUR *PULSE* AND READ ON...

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Editors: Steve Banes, Clizia Gussoni, and Craig Yoe. Contributing Editors: Tillmann Courth, Mike Howlett, and Toxic Tommy O'Brien.

Many thanks to: Giovanna Anzaldi, Steven Thompson, and Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr. Haunted Horror logo by Art Fuentes.

On the cover, *Weird Tales of The Future* #8, July 1953. Art: Bernard Baily. Stanley Morse.

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THERE ARE THINGS BEYOND THE SCOPE OF SCIENCE. NO MAN REALLY KNOWS WHAT STRANGE LEVIATHAN CREATURES HAUNT THE SEAS AT THEIR GREATEST MURKY DEPTHS, SO THAT THE TALES TOLD BY ANCIENT MARINERS OF HUGE SEA DEVILS MAY BE ENTIRELY TRUE. BUT THERE WERE SKEPTICS IN THE FOG-SHROUDED FISHING TOWN OF JEAN DES PRES, THE NIGHT THE MOON WAS RED...

FERNANDE TOULE'S SHOP ON THE JEAN DES PRES WHARF WAS A FAVORITE HANGOUT FOR FISHERMEN...

GO AHEAD, LAUGH, BUT FERNANDE TELLS YOU THERE ARE TERRORS IN THE SEA THAT CAN FREEZE YOUR BLOOD! AND I DON'T MEAN FISH EITHER!

WHERE ARE THESE SEA MONSTERS YOU TALK ABOUT? HAVE THEY EVER BEEN CAUGHT OR WASHED ASHORE? BAH, THEY EXIST ONLY IN THE STORIES OF DRUNKEN SAILORS!

BIST

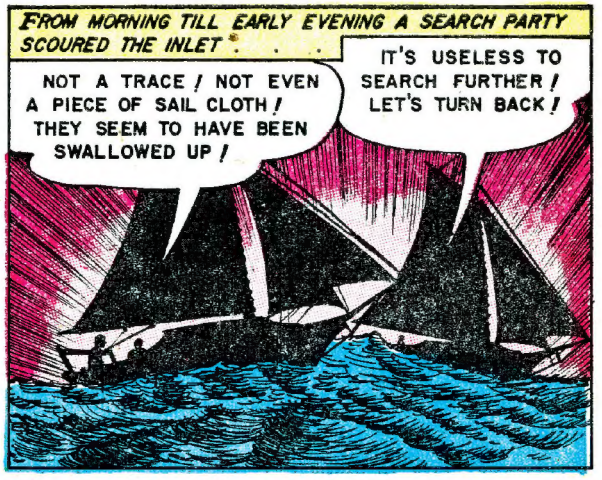
YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IN SEA MONSTERS, BUT LISTEN--THE MOON HAS BLOOD ON IT TONIGHT! DON'T GO OUT TO SEA TOMORROW! IT IS AN EVIL OMEN!

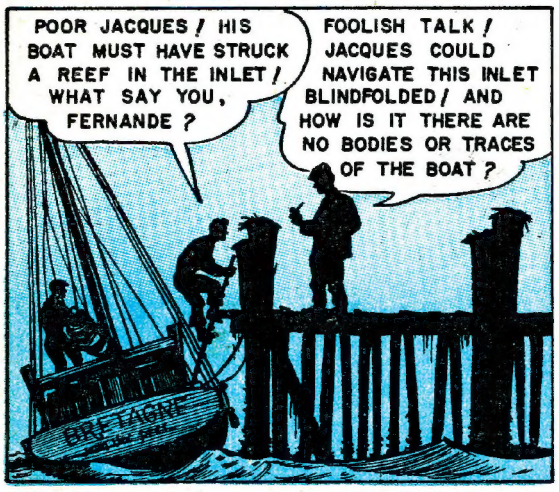
YOU SPEAK LIKE AN OLD WOMAN, FERNANDE! TOMORROW WILL BE PERFECT FOR FISHING! WE'VE BEEN SHUT IN BY FOG LONG ENOUGH!

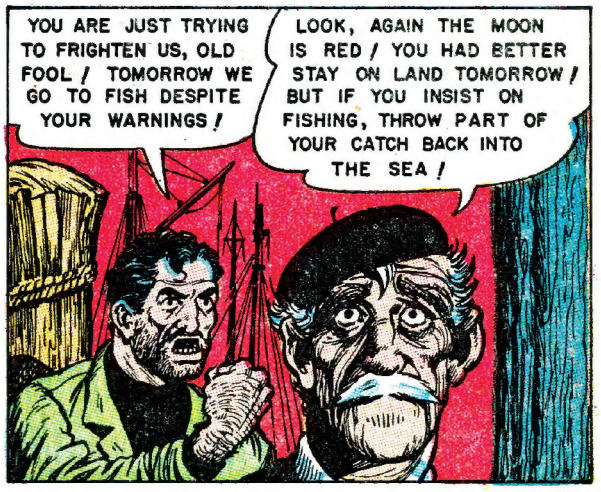
Web of Mystery #18, May 1953. Art: Lou Cameron. Publisher: Ace Magazines.

LIKE FERNANDE SAID, THE MOON IS SURROUNDED BY A BLOODY HALO! PERHAPS WE SHOULD LISTEN TO THE OLD ONE?
I TELL YOU, JACQUES, HIS HEAD IS FILLED WITH SUPERSTITIONS! THE OLDER HE GETS, THE CRAZIER HE BECOMES!
Le Chat Qui Pêche
CAGE'L POUSSIN AMIS!
DAWN CAME TO JEAN DES PRES, BRINGING A PERFECT DAY FOR FISHING...
WHAT A DAY! WE'LL COME HOME WITH A PRIZE CATCH! UP WITH THE ANCHOR, JACQUES!
HA HA! DID YOU SEE FERNANDE AT THE WHARF, WARNING US AGAIN?
ALL DAY THE FISH RAN HEAVY. THE NETS WERE EMPTIED AGAIN AND AGAIN...
THIS IS OUR LIMIT! ANOTHER LOAD AND THE BOAT WILL BE SWAMPED! LET'S HEAD FOR HOME!
RIGHT! OURS IS THE LAST TO LEAVE THE BANKS! THE REST OF THE FLEET IS PAST THE SHOALS ALREADY!
RACING FOR HOME THE HEAVILY LADEN BOAT REACHED THE SHOAL INLET...
WAIT TILL FERNANDE SEES THIS CATCH! HIS EYES WILL POP OUT OF HIS HEAD!
HA HA! THE MOON WAS RED! LET IT BE RED EVERY NIGHT IF THIS IS THE RESULT!
SUDDENLY...
WHAT'S THAT? WE'VE STOPPED!
LOOK, THAT GIANT HAND! IT'S... IT'S HOLDING US BACK!
LCT
SACRÉ BLEU! WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE CREATURE?
HAAAAIII! THE MONSTER IS DRAGGING US DOWN!
CRUNCH
AIEEEEE
2

ON THE WHARF, THE FISHERMEN KEPT AN ALL NIGHT VIGIL FOR THE MISSING BOAT . . .
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, FERNANDE ! I SAW JACQUES' BOAT. WE PASSED IT COMING IN AND HE WAS ABOUT READY TO LEAVE ! THE SEA WAS PERFECTLY CALM !
THERE ARE MANY THINGS IN THE SEA YOU HAVE NEVER DREAMED OF, BASILE !

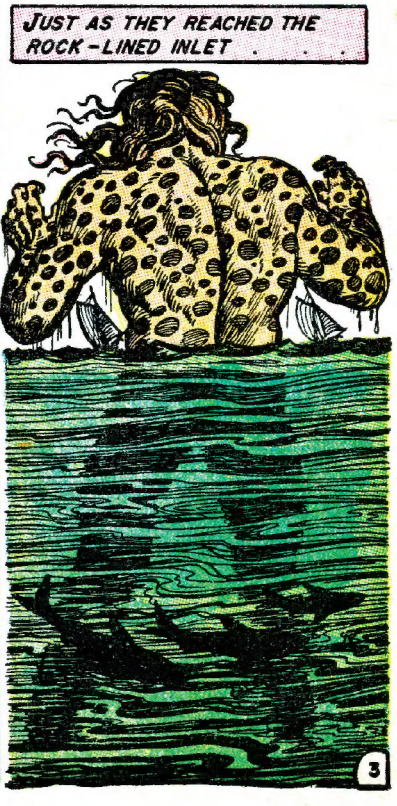

FROM MORNING TILL EARLY EVENING A SEARCH PARTY SCOURED THE INLET . . .
NOT A TRACE ! NOT EVEN A PIECE OF SAIL CLOTH ! THEY SEEM TO HAVE BEEN SWALLOWED UP !
IT'S USELESS TO SEARCH FURTHER ! LET'S TURN BACK !


POOR JACQUES ! HIS BOAT MUST HAVE STRUCK A REEF IN THE INLET ! WHAT SAY YOU, FERNANDE ?
FOOLISH TALK ! JACQUES COULD NAVIGATE THIS INLET BLINDFOLDED ! AND HOW IS IT THERE ARE NO BODIES OR TRACES OF THE BOAT ?
BRETAGNE


YOU ARE JUST TRYING TO FRIGHTEN US, OLD FOOL ! TOMORROW WE GO TO FISH DESPITE YOUR WARNINGS !
LOOK, AGAIN THE MOON IS RED ! YOU HAD BETTER STAY ON LAND TOMORROW ! BUT IF YOU INSIST ON FISHING, THROW PART OF YOUR CATCH BACK INTO THE SEA !

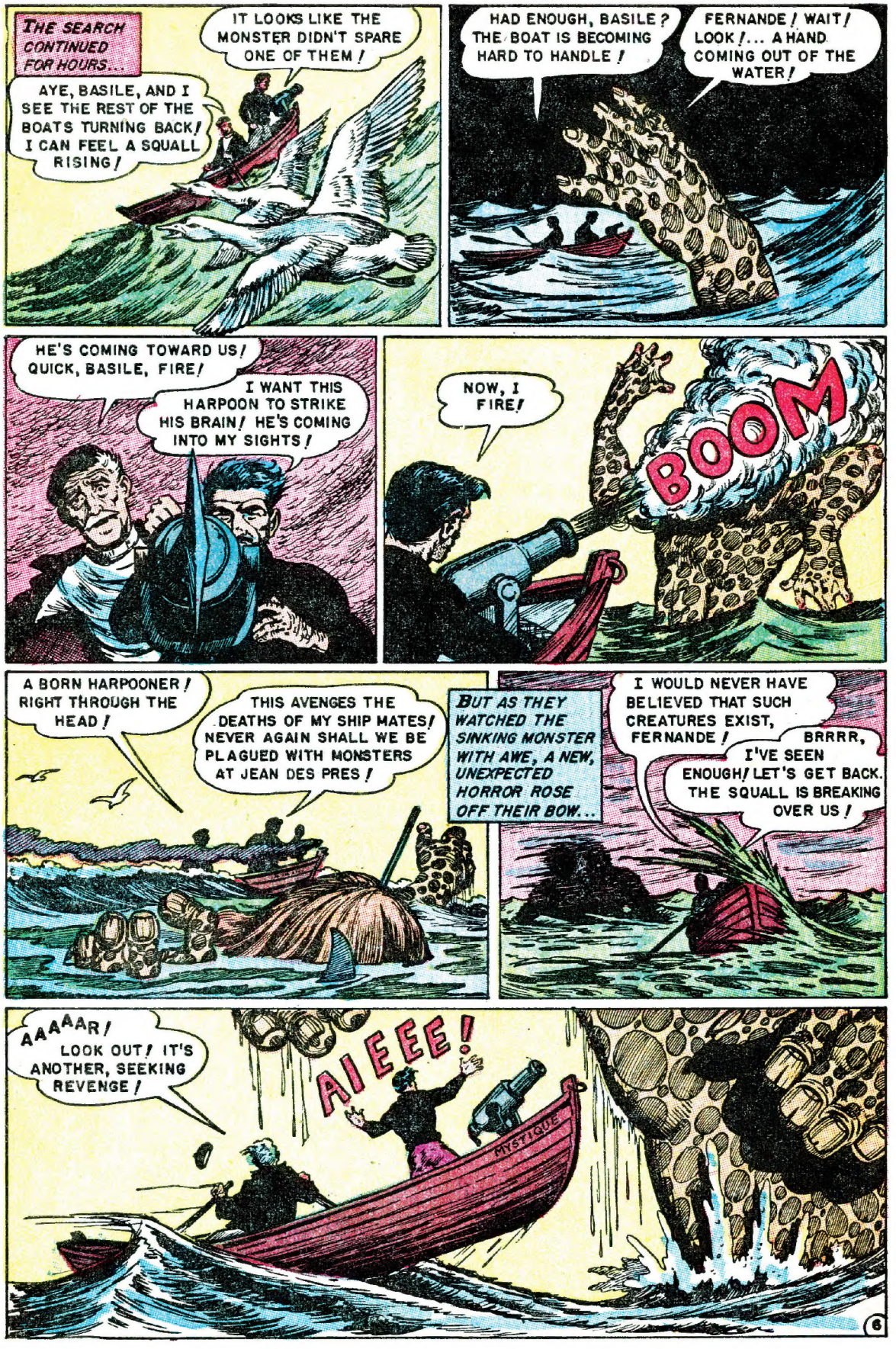
FERNANDE'S ADVICE WENT UNHEEDED . . .
IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO SEND THE BOATS OUT IN PAIRS, HENRI ! THIS WAY, IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN, ONE CAN HELP THE OTHER OUT !
WE'VE HAD A RECORD DAY, BASILE ! MAYBE WE SHOULD LISTEN TO OLD FERNANDE AND THROW PART OF THE CATCH BACK !

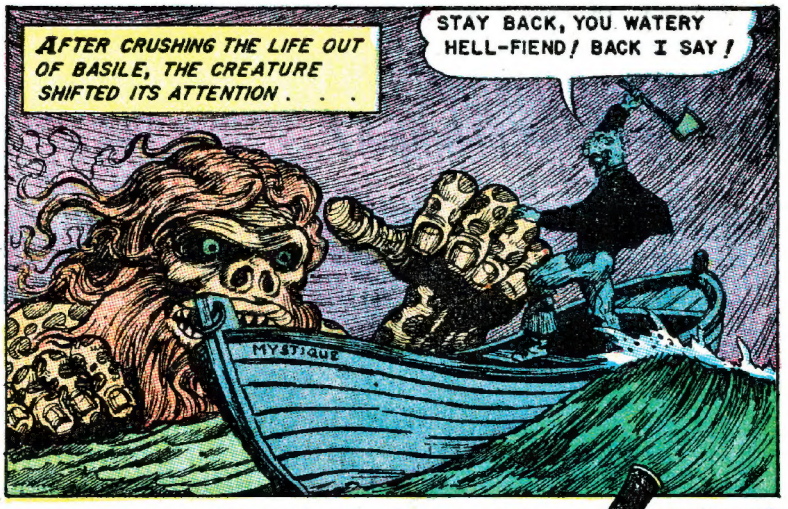
FERNANDE SHOULD BE IN THE MADHOUSE ! I WON'T THROW A FISH BACK ! SACRÉ, BUT I'M TIRED ! I'M GOING TO TAKE A NAP WHILE WE HEAD FOR THE WHARF.
GOOD, I DON'T WANT TO BE OUT HERE WHEN IT'S DARK !
BRETAGNE


JUST AS THEY REACHED THE ROCK-LINED INLET . . .

THIS IS HOW JACQUES AND HIS MEN DISAPPEARED! WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST THIS GIANT DEVIL-BEAST?
AAYIII! FIGHT! GRAB A GAFF HOOK! TRY TO SMASH THE MONSTER'S HEAD!
UNGH! HIS HEAD IS SOLID AS A ROCK!
AGAIN! NAME OF A DEVIL! HIT HIM AGAIN! DON'T STOP OR WE ARE LOST!
WITH A ROAR WHICH CHILLED THE MARROW OF THEIR BONES, THE MONSTER STRUCK BACK..
KREEEE
FLUNG THIRTY FEET FROM THE SPLINTERED BOATS, BASILE, STILL PETRIFIED WITH FRIGHT, WITNESSED A TERRIFYING SIGHT . . .
AAAAAIII! WHAT A HELLISH CREATURE! I MUST GET AWAY BEFORE HE DESTROYS ME, TOO!
SWIMMING LIKE ONE POSSESSED, BASILE NEARED THE WHARF . .
MY ARMS ARE LIKE . . . (GASP) . . LEAD! BUT I'M SAFE -- SAFE FROM THAT SEA HORROR!
4

WHAT HAPPENED, BASILE? WHERE ARE THE BOATS?
LATER, I'LL ANSWER QUESTIONS / GET ME TO A FIRE / I'M CHILLED TO THE BONE /
BASILE RELATED THE HARROWING ADVENTURE TO HIS SHOCKED COMRADES . . .
AND THEN I SAW THE MONSTER WHOSE GIGANTIC HANDS, EACH AS BIG AS A . . . A ROOM, PULLING THE BOATS DOWN / I DID NOT SEE ANY OTHER SURVIVORS /
. BUT WHY . . . WHY SHOULD THIS HELL FIEND ATTACK US?
THOSE MONSTERS LIVE IN THE DEEPEST REGIONS OF THE SEA / THEY COME TO THE SURFACE ONLY WHEN THEY ARE STARVING / IF YOU HAD THROWN PART OF YOUR CATCH OVERBOARD, HE WOULDN'T HAVE ATTACKED /
MAYBE SOMEONE ESCAPED BESIDES BASILE / CUSTOM DEMANDS WE LOOK FOR THEM TOMORROW /
TAKE ME WITH YOU / I KNOW WHERE THE MONSTER ATTACKED / I CAN LEAD YOU THERE /
NO, BASILE / WE KNOW YOU ARE BRAVE, BUT YOU WERE MARKED AS DOOMED AND ESCAPED / WE CANNOT RISK TAKING YOU ALONG.
BUT I CANNOT STAY ON LAND WHILE YOU ALL RISK YOUR LIVES /
I HAVE AN OLD LONGBOAT FROM AN OLD WHALER. YOU AND I SHALL GO OUT TOGETHER, BASILE /
A GRAY, OMINOUS DAWN BROKE OVER JEAN DES PRES . . .
I NEVER KNEW YOU OWNED THIS, FERNANDE.
A RELIC OF THE OLD DAYS / IT CAME FROM MY FATHER'S WHALING SHIP, THE MYSTIQUE /
SEE, WE DO NOT GO UNARMED / EVERYTHING IS OILED AND SHIPSHAPE.
A HARPOON GUN / I'VE FIRED ONE BEFORE / NOW I WOULD LIKE TO MEET THIS SEA MONSTER /
5


THE SEARCH CONTINUED FOR HOURS...
IT LOOKS LIKE THE MONSTER DIDN'T SPARE ONE OF THEM!
AYE, BASILE, AND I SEE THE REST OF THE BOATS TURNING BACK! I CAN FEEL A SQUALL RISING!
HAD ENOUGH, BASILE? THE BOAT IS BECOMING HARD TO HANDLE!
FERNANDE! WAIT! LOOK!... A HAND COMING OUT OF THE WATER!
HE'S COMING TOWARD US! QUICK, BASILE, FIRE!
I WANT THIS HARPOON TO STRIKE HIS BRAIN! HE'S COMING INTO MY SIGHTS!
NOW, I FIRE!
BOOM
A BORN HARPOONER! RIGHT THROUGH THE HEAD!
THIS AVENGES THE DEATHS OF MY SHIP MATES! NEVER AGAIN SHALL WE BE PLAGUED WITH MONSTERS AT JEAN DES PRES!
BUT AS THEY WATCHED THE SINKING MONSTER WITH AWE, A NEW, UNEXPECTED HORROR ROSE OFF THEIR BOW...
I WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED THAT SUCH CREATURES EXIST, FERNANDE! BRRRR, I'VE SEEN ENOUGH! LET'S GET BACK. THE SQUALL IS BREAKING OVER US!
AAAAAR! LOOK OUT! IT'S ANOTHER, SEEKING REVENGE!
AIEEE!
MYSTIQUE
6


AFTER CRUSHING THE LIFE OUT OF BASILE, THE CREATURE SHIFTED ITS ATTENTION . . .
STAY BACK, YOU WATERY HELL-FIEND! BACK I SAY!
MYSTIQUE

YOU WON'T TAKE ME AS EASY AS BASILE! FEEL THIS AXE, MONSTER!
KREEEEE!

JOIN YOUR COMRADE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!
CHOMP
CHOMP

FERNANDE REMEMBERED NO MORE. THE MERCIFUL SQUALL DROVE HIS BOAT TO LAND . . .
TWO OF THEM! WE KILLED TWO OF THEM, BUT BASILE WAS CAUGHT! SEE, I HAVE PROOF... THE MONSTER'S FINGER!
HE'S HYSTERICAL! GET HIM TO THE BISTRO, QUICKLY!

NOW YOU'LL BELIEVE THERE ARE SEA MONSTERS! I CHOPPED OFF A FINGER BEFORE I KILLED IT. . . LOOK!
FERNANDE IS STARK, RAVING MAD! IT'S JUST A PART OF A STRANGE FISH HE CAUGHT!

IF YOU'RE EVER IN JEAN DES PRES, DROP IN TO SEE OLD FERNANDE. HE'LL TELL YOU THE STORY WORD FOR WORD, AND SHOW YOU THE MONSTER'S FINGER . . .
THE END

Ambrose Bierce, the famous writer, once told a tale of terror that is now believed to have been based on a true experience! It took place in one chilling night of madness, a night in...

THE HAUNTED HOTEL

IT WAS IN THE FALL OF 1864! THE CIVIL WAR HAD NOT YET ENDED, BUT ATLANTA HAD BEEN TAKEN! LATE ONE NIGHT, COLONEL PACKARD, JUST ARRIVED FROM WASHINGTON, AND LOOKING FOR LODGING, SAW AN OLD FRAME HOUSE WITH THE SIGN, "BARTLET HOTEL". HE HESITATED BECAUSE OF ITS GLOOMY APPEARANCE, BUT THE FATIGUE OF HIS JOURNEY FORCED HIM TO ENTER...

GOOD EVENING, SIR! DO YOU HAVE A ROOM FOR A TIRED TRAVELER!?

THE NIGHT-CLERK DID NOT ANSWER! HE LIT A CANDLE AND LED THE WAY DOWN THE CREAKING FLOOR OF A LONG HALL, TO A DARK, MUSTY ROOM! THE COLONEL WAS SO EXHAUSTED, HE FELL ASLEEP BEFORE UNDRESSING! BUT IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE HE AWOKE!

STRANGE! I HAVE THE FEELING I'M NOT ALONE! BUT I DON'T SEE...

AGHHHHHH!

B-1829

THEN, IN THE SOFT BLUE LIGHT OF THE RISEN MOON, THE COLONEL SAW...

MEN! MUST BE A DOZEN OF THEM, LYING ON THE FLOOR! I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!

TREMBLING FROM THAT EERIE AND UNEXPECTED SIGHT, HE AROSE TO EXAMINE THE FIGURES MORE CLOSELY! THEN...

DEAD!! ALL OF THEM! GOOD LORD! LET ME OUT OF HERE!

HE RUSHED YELLING AND CURSING INTO THE LOBBY! THE CLERK WAS SITTING AT THE DESK STARING BLANKLY...

YOU CRAZY FOOL! IS THIS SOME GHASTLY JOKE!? WHO... WHAT ARE THOSE... THOSE... IN MY ROOM? **ANSWER ME!**

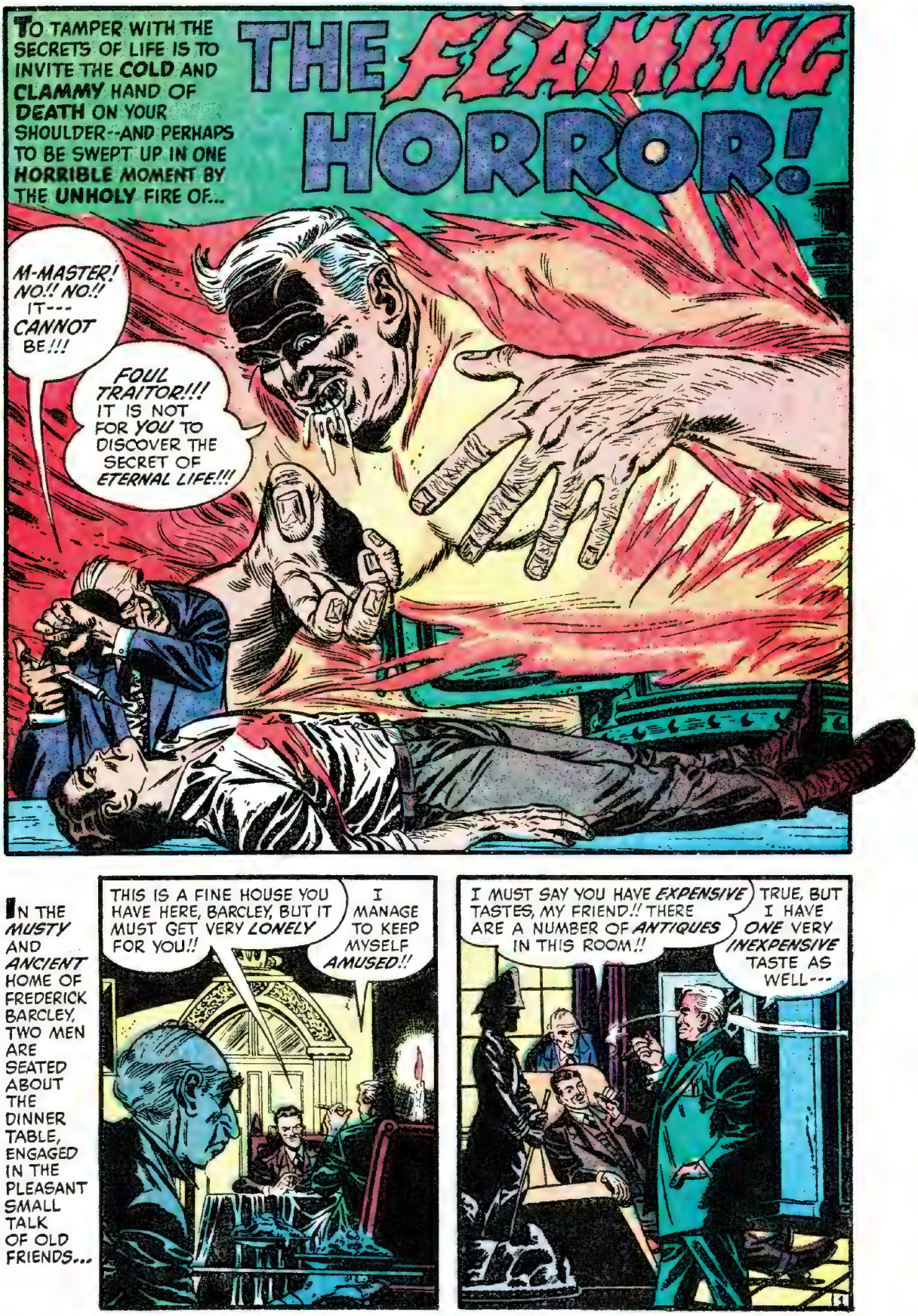
BUT THERE WAS NO ANSWER! THE FIGURE OF THE CLERK SLOWLY FADED AWAY, LEAVING THE WIDE-EYED COLONEL STARING DOWN AT HIS SIGNATURE IN THE BOOK HE HAD THOUGHT TO BE THE REGISTER! HE SAW THEN, IT WAS A...

..."RECORD OF THE DEAD"!

THE TERRIFIED COLONEL RUSHED FROM THE PLACE, NOT EVEN RETURNING FOR HIS BAG! HE LATER LEARNED THAT WHERE HE HAD MEANT TO SPEND THE NIGHT WAS NOT A HOTEL! IT HAD BEEN USED FOR A HOSPITAL DURING THE SEIGE, CARING FOR THE DEAD AND DYING! THE ROOM IN WHICH HE HAD SLEPT HAD BEEN THE **ROOM FOR THE DEAD!** HE NEVER RETURNED TO ATLANTA! WOULD YOU?

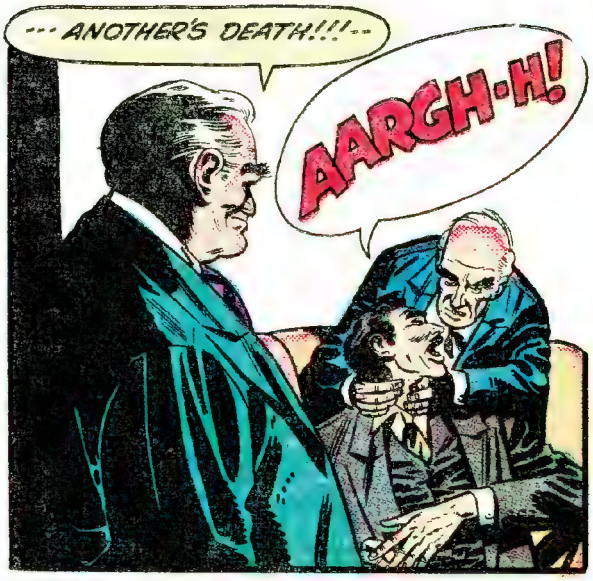
The End

Adventure Into Darkness #13, March 1954. Art: Gene Fawcette. Publisher: Standard.

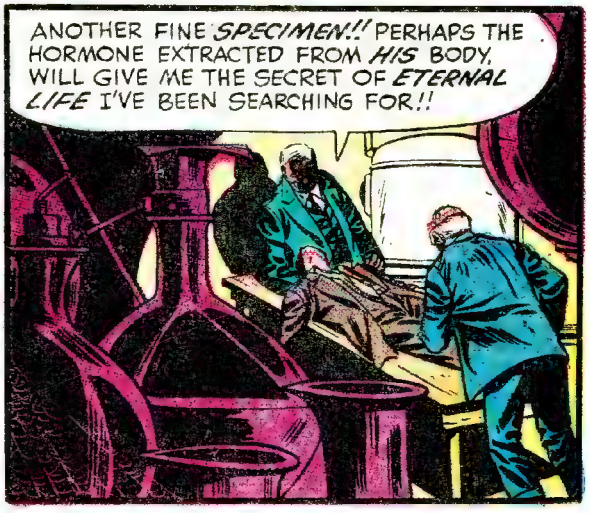

TO TAMPER WITH THE SECRETS OF LIFE IS TO INVITE THE COLD AND CLAMMY HAND OF DEATH ON YOUR SHOULDER--AND PERHAPS TO BE SWEPT UP IN ONE HORRIBLE MOMENT BY THE UNHOLY FIRE OF...
THE FLAMING HORROR!
M-MASTER! NO!! NO!! IT--- CANNOT BE!!!
FOUL TRAITOR!!! IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE!!!
IN THE MUSTY AND ANCIENT HOME OF FREDERICK BARCLEY, TWO MEN ARE SEATED ABOUT THE DINNER TABLE, ENGAGED IN THE PLEASANT SMALL TALK OF OLD FRIENDS...
THIS IS A FINE HOUSE YOU HAVE HERE, BARCLEY, BUT IT MUST GET VERY LONELY FOR YOU!!
I MANAGE TO KEEP MYSELF AMUSED!!
I MUST SAY YOU HAVE EXPENSIVE TASTES, MY FRIEND!! THERE ARE A NUMBER OF ANTIQUES IN THIS ROOM!!
TRUE, BUT I HAVE ONE VERY INEXPENSIVE TASTE AS WELL---

Witches Tales #10, May 1952. Art: Joe Certa. Publisher: Harvey Comics.

---AND THAT IS MY INSATIABLE TASTE FOR--DEATH--!!


---ANOTHER'S DEATH!!!--
AARGH-H!

AND SOON, IN THE BLACK SILENCE OF MIDNIGHT, TWO STRANGE FIGURES CARRY THEIR VICTIM TO THE DEPTHS OF THE HOUSE!...
CAREFUL, TONIO, HE IS OF GREAT VALUE TO US!!!
YES, MASTER!


ANOTHER FINE SPECIMEN!! PERHAPS THE HORMONE EXTRACTED FROM HIS BODY, WILL GIVE ME THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR!!

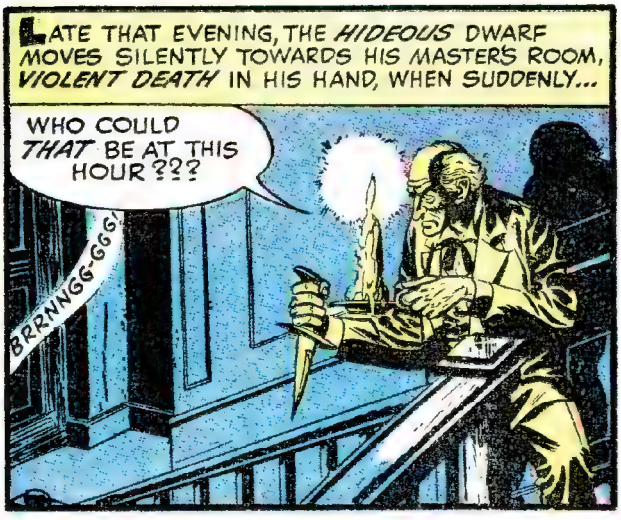
ALL THE OTHER FOOLS--LIKE HIM--HAVE HELPED TO MAKE ME INVULNERABLE TO DEATH!! SOON I WILL KNOW IF I HAVE SUCCEEDED!!

HAVING SERVED ITS TERRIBLE PURPOSE, THE BODY OF THE FORMER FRIEND IS THROWN INTO A BLAZING FURNACE, TO BE CONSUMED LIKE REFUSE!!...
TAKE CARE IT IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED!! WE MUST LEAVE NO TRACE OF OUR---WORK!!
YES, MASTER!!
2

BUT AS HIS MASTER TURNS TO LEAVE, A *SINISTER* SMILE PLAYS ABOUT THE SERVANT'S FACE LIKE *FLIES* ABOUT A *ROTTING* CORPSE!!...

YOU ARE THE *FOOL*, MY *MASTER*!! THE RARE HORMONE EXTRACT YOU ASKED ME TO *DISCARD* HAS BEEN PUT TO *USE*-- BY *ME*!! WE SHALL SEE WHO WILL BE THE *VICTOR*!!!

LATE THAT EVENING, THE *HIDEOUS* DWARF MOVES SILENTLY TOWARDS HIS MASTER'S ROOM, *VIOLENT DEATH* IN HIS HAND, WHEN SUDDENLY...



SEATED AGAIN IN THE LIVING ROOM, THE OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS, GROWING LIKE WEEDS IN A *POISONOUS* GARDEN, ARE NOT THOSE OF A *LOVING UNCLE*!...

I'VE BEEN MAKING OUT MY *WILL*, STEVEN!! OF COURSE YOU KNOW THAT *YOU* ARE MY MAIN BENEFICIARY!!
I *DO*!!

IT IS POSSIBLE THAT MY *DEATH* MIGHT BE A *LONG* WAY OFF, HOWEVER!! PERHAPS A *VERY* LONG WAY OFF!!!
DO YOU *REALLY* THINK SO???

I AM A *POOR* MAN WHO LIKES *EXPENSIVE* THINGS, UNCLE!! I SHOULD *HATE* HAVING TO WAIT ANY LONGER!!!

IN FACT, I DON'T INTEND TO *WAIT*!! AND SO YOU MUST *DIE*--
STEVEN!!! ...NO!!! DON'T!

WITH *TERRIFYING* SPEED, THE POKER COMES CRASHING DOWN ON THE OLD MAN'S HEAD, STOPPING ALL LIFE IN ONE *FRIGHTFUL* INSTANT!...
...NOW!!
YAAG-H-H-H-H

WHAT-- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY MASTER?!?
HE'S *DEAD* NOW, TONIO!! SERVE *ME* IN HIS PLACE-- AND I WILL SEE THAT YOU GET PART OF THE INHERITANCE!!!

AGAIN, IN THE BLACK SILENCE OF THE NIGHT, TWO FIGURES CARRY A LIFELESS BODY TO ITS FIERY DOOM!!...

WE'RE RID OF HIM AT LAST!!! HE WAS AN INSANE OLD FOOL!! I WONDER WHAT MAD DREAMS HE MUST HAVE HAD!!

THERE!! IT'S AS IF HE NEVER EXISTED!!!

THIS YOUNG DOG MUST NOT INTERFERE WITH MY PLAN!! ONE MORE INJECTION -- FROM HIS BODY--AND I AM IMMORTAL!!!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER-- IN THE WEIRD HOURS BEFORE DAWN--A LOATHESOME LITTLE MAN ENTERS ON HIS DEADLY MISSION!...

HE SHEDS BLOOD---AND THEN HE SLEEPS!! AND NOW HIS OWN BLOOD WILL STAIN THE WHITENESS OF HIS PILLOW!!!

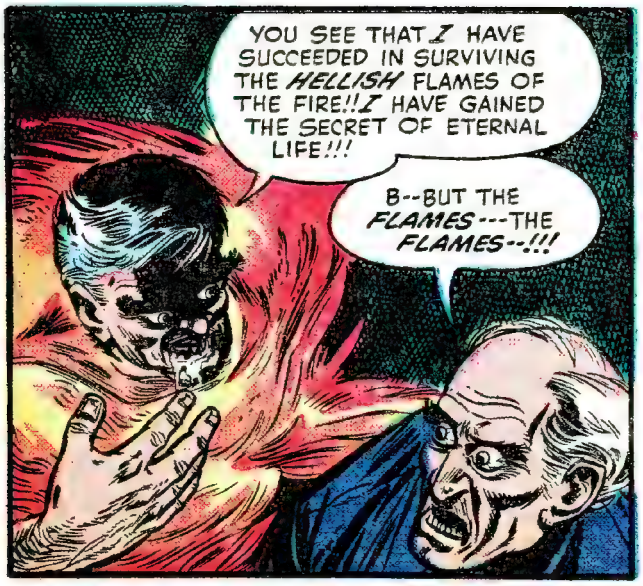
FOR YOU--THE SHARP EDGE OF STEEL!!!

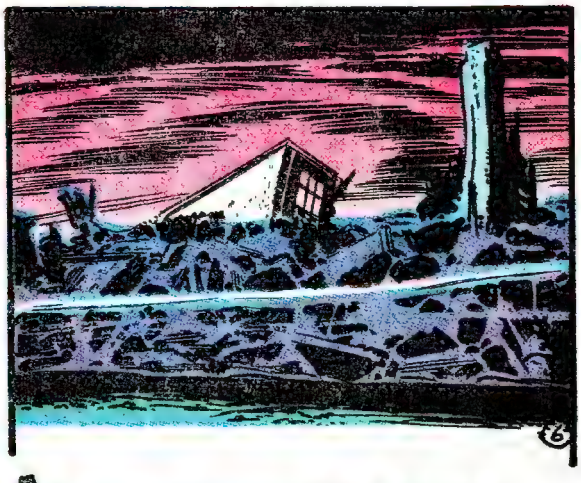
AAARGH-H-H-H-H

SUDDENLY, FROM THE RAGING HEART OF THE FURNACE, A GHASTLY CREATURE APPEARS, THE FLAMING RELIC OF WHAT WAS ONCE A HUMAN BEING!...

SOON MY LIFE SHALL BE UNPERISHABLE-- LIKE THOSE OF THE ANCIENT GODS!!! AND I WILL BE THE ONLY---

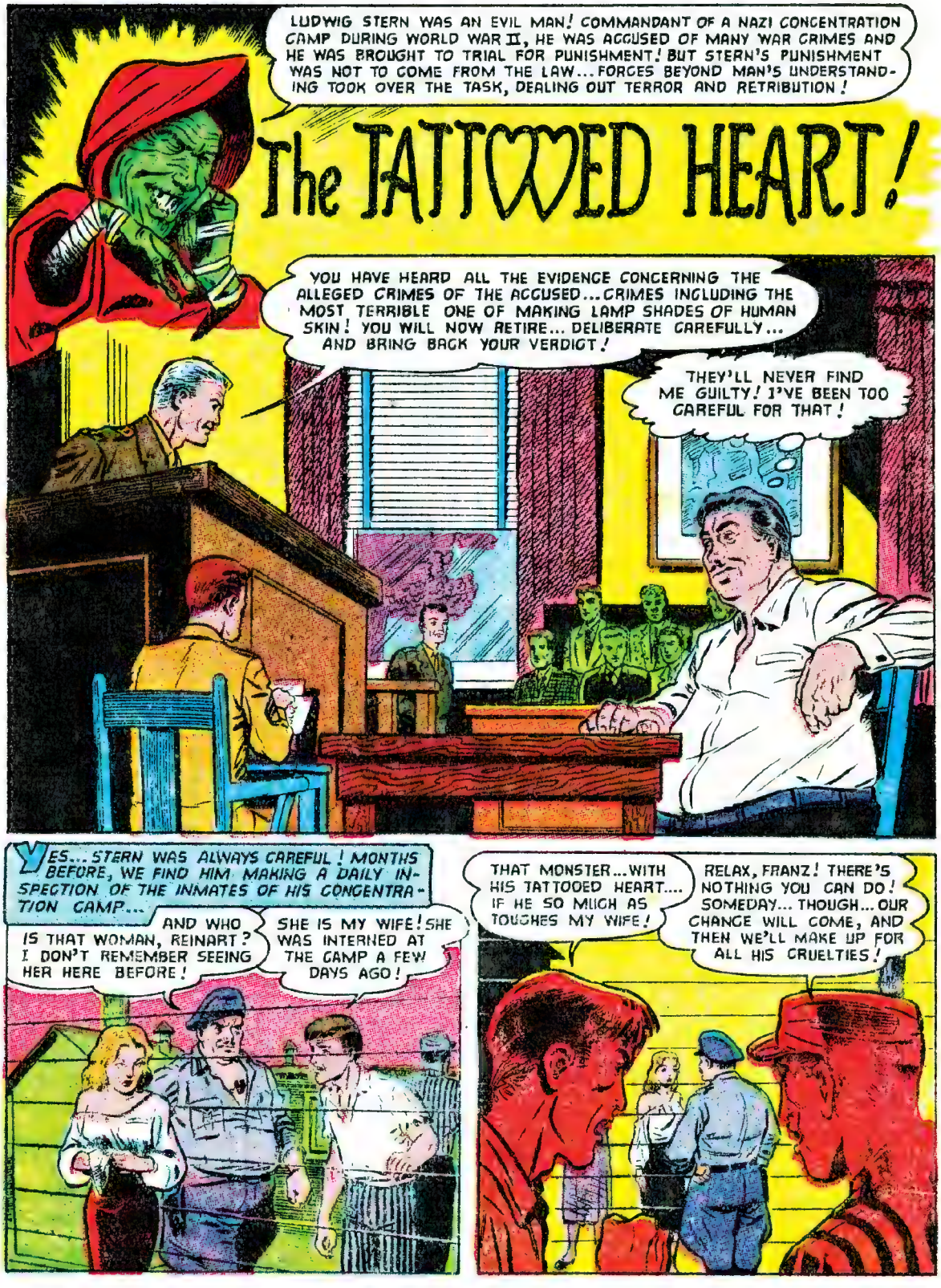
AAA-GH-H


YOU SEE THAT I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN SURVIVING THE HELLISH FLAMES OF THE FIRE!! I HAVE GAINED THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE!!!
B--BUT THE FLAMES---THE FLAMES--!!!



AND SO AMIDST THE ROARING, DEVOURING FLAME, THE FINAL SCREAMS OF DYING AGONY BEAR WITNESS TO THE FACT THAT TO TAMPER WITH THE SECRETS OF LIFE IS TO DISCOVER THE SECRETS OF---DEATH!!!...

The End


LUDWIG STERN WAS AN EVIL MAN! COMMANDANT OF A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP DURING WORLD WAR II, HE WAS ACCUSED OF MANY WAR CRIMES AND HE WAS BROUGHT TO TRIAL FOR PUNISHMENT! BUT STERN'S PUNISHMENT WAS NOT TO COME FROM THE LAW... FORCES BEYOND MAN'S UNDERSTANDING TOOK OVER THE TASK, DEALING OUT TERROR AND RETRIBUTION!
The TATTOOED HEART!
YOU HAVE HEARD ALL THE EVIDENCE CONCERNING THE ALLEGED CRIMES OF THE ACCUSED... CRIMES INCLUDING THE MOST TERRIBLE ONE OF MAKING LAMP SHADES OF HUMAN SKIN! YOU WILL NOW RETIRE... DELIBERATE CAREFULLY... AND BRING BACK YOUR VERDICT!
THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME GUILTY! I'VE BEEN TOO CAREFUL FOR THAT!
YES... STERN WAS ALWAYS CAREFUL! MONTHS BEFORE, WE FIND HIM MAKING A DAILY INSPECTION OF THE INMATES OF HIS CONCENTRATION CAMP...
AND WHO IS THAT WOMAN, REINART? I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING HER HERE BEFORE!
SHE IS MY WIFE! SHE WAS INTERNED AT THE CAMP A FEW DAYS AGO!
THAT MONSTER... WITH HIS TATTOOED HEART.... IF HE SO MUCH AS TOUCHES MY WIFE!
RELAX, FRANZ! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO! SOMEDAY... THOUGH... OUR CHANCE WILL COME, AND THEN WE'LL MAKE UP FOR ALL HIS CRUELTIES!

Beware! Terror Tales #6, March 1953. Art: Harry Harrison. Publisher: Fawcett.

BUT FRANZ REINART HAD REAL CAUSE FOR WORRY, FOR SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

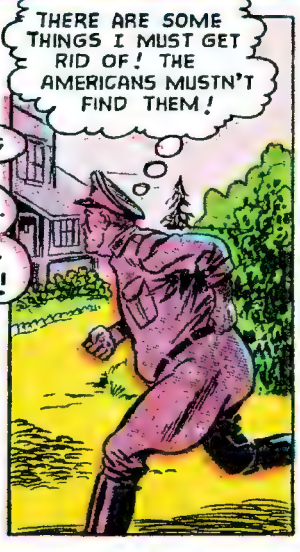
HAVE YOU SEEN MY WIFE? SHE ALWAYS CAME HERE... TO THE WIRE! SHE HAS NOT BEEN HERE FOR TWO DAYS NOW!
I DON'T KNOW, MR. REINART! SHE WAS TAKEN AWAY FOR QUESTIONING!

...AND SOON, AS YOU SHALL SEE, I AM GOING TO HAVE A NEW LAMP SHADE OF THE PUREST WHITE... THE VERY BEST IN MY COLLECTION!
NEW... LAMP SHADE! IT... IT CAN'T BE...

THE ENORMITY OF THE TRUTH... THE REALIZATION OF THE FATE OF HIS WIFE BURST IN UPON FRANZ REINART'S BRAIN WITH SLASHING FORCE!

NOW YOU... AS WELL AS YOUR WIFE... WILL BE DEAD!
BUT I'LL BE BACK! I SWEAR IT! I'LL SEE THAT YOU PAY FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE... EVEN IF I MUST RETURN FROM THE GRAVE TO DO IT!

SUCH A CURSE WAS A LAUGHING MATTER TO A MAN LIKE LUDWIG STERN, BUT... AT THAT INSTANT... A NEW AND REAL TERROR BURST IN ON HIM.
COMMANDANT! THE AMERICAN ARMY! THEY ARE BREAKING THROUGH! THEY WILL BE HERE VERY SOON!
THE... THE AMERICANS!



COMMANDANT STERN HAD PREPARED VERY CAREFULLY FOR THIS EVENTUALITY.

ONCE THE LAST OF THESE LAMP SHADES IS BURNED, I'LL BE ABLE TO GO THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR AND GET AWAY!

STERN DUCKED DOWN INTO HIS SECRET TUNNEL... CLOSING THE TRAP-DOOR JUST A FEW SECONDS BEFORE THE AMERICAN TROOPS ENTERED THE CAMP! THEN HE STARTED TO RUN.

STERN! LUDWIG STERN...

WH-WHO'S THERE? NO ONE BUT ME KNOWS ABOUT THIS PLACE!

GET OUT OF MY WAY...

YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME, ANY MORE THAN YOU CAN GET RID OF THAT HEART TATTOOED ON YOUR CHEST!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

SHOT AFTER SHOT DID NO GOOD... AND THE STRANGE FIGURE CAME CLOSER! THEN OTHER FIGURES APPEARED... ALL CROWDING IN ON THE FRIGHTENED MAN!

DO YOU RECOGNIZE US, STERN?

YOU HELPED US DIE...

N-NO! FRANZ REINART... AND YOU OTHERS! YOU--YOU'RE ALL DEAD... DEAD!

HE STOOD ROOTED IN TERROR FOR A MOMENT AND A LOW MOAN OF HORROR ESCAPED HIS LIPS! HE TURNED TO RUN... PREFERRING TO TAKE HIS CHANCES WITH THE WAITING AMERICANS.

YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES! YOU... WILL... PAY!

I MUST GET BACK TO MY COTTAGE!

HELP ME! HELP ME!

COLONEL! LOOK!

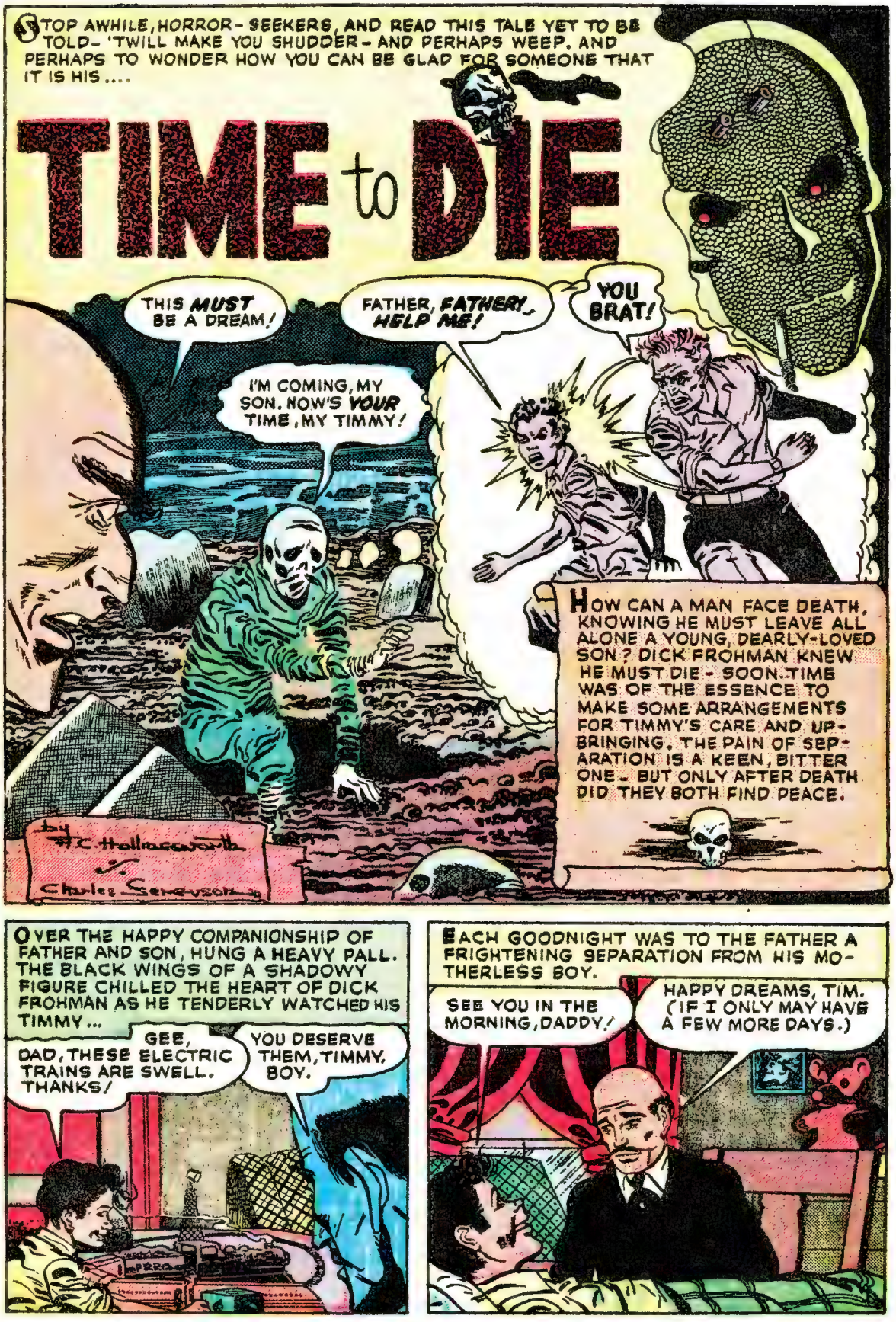
THAT MUST BE THE COMMANDANT-- COME HOME TO ROOST!

THEN THE TIME PASSED QUICKLY... UNTIL THE MOMENT OF HIS TRIAL! STERN FELT SURE OF HIS ACQUITTAL! SURE BECAUSE OF THE FALSE EVIDENCE HE HAD CONTRIVED!

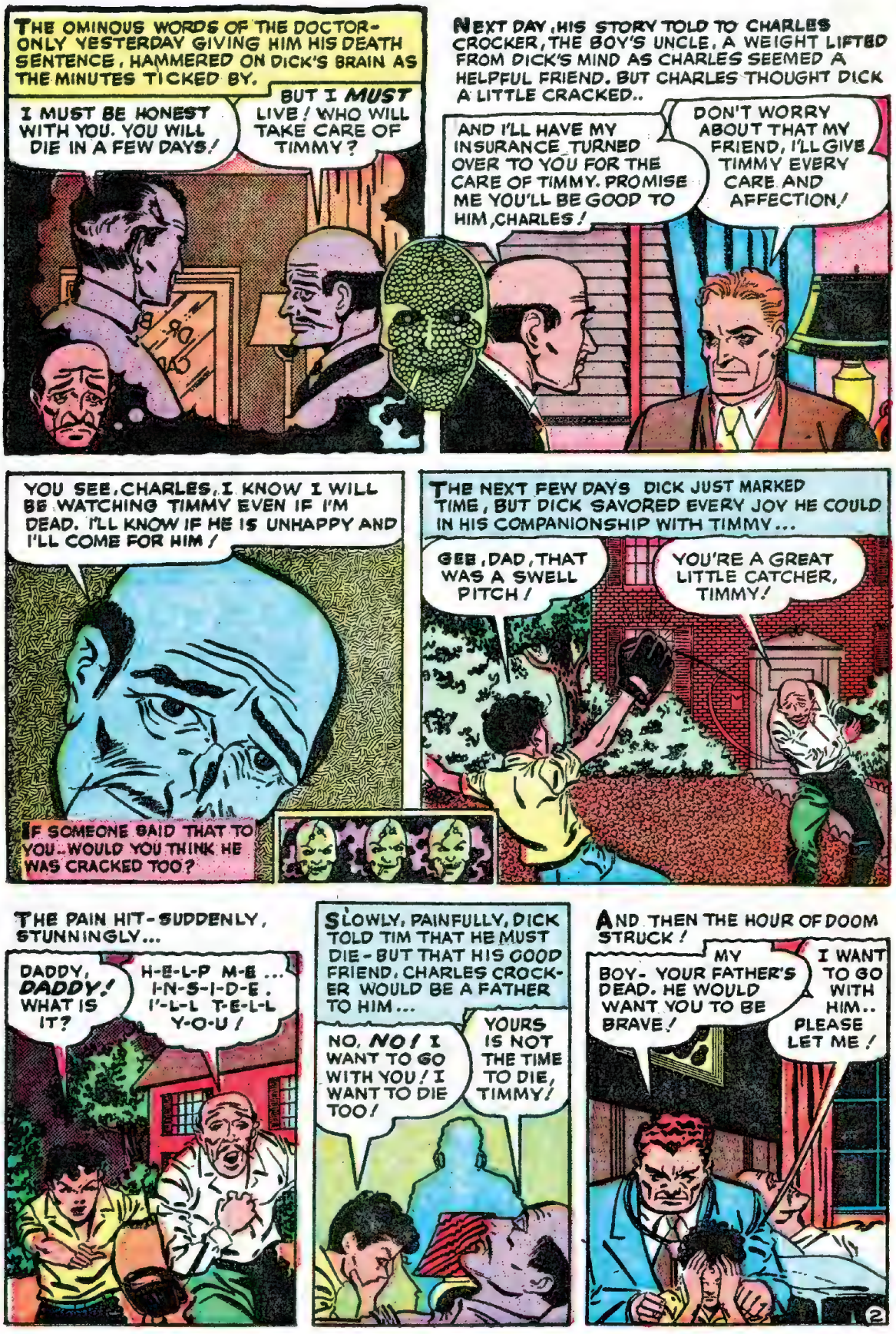
ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND *NOT* GUILTY, LUDWIG STERN, I FEEL IT HAS BEEN A GROSS MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE!

ONCE FREE, STERN BOUGHT A LARGE CASTLE WITH MONEY HE HAD HIDDEN AWAY, AND HE WAS SOON ON HIS WAY TO HIS NEW HOME!
I AM STILL SMARTER THAN ANY OF THEM... ESCAPING FROM BOTH THE LAW AND VENGEANCE OF THE DEAD!
WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, MR. STERN! I WILL TAKE YOUR BAGS!
I..I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE SERVANTS HERE, TOO!
THESE UNEXPECTED SERVANTS... MAYBE THEY WERE ARRANGED FOR BY THE AGENT WHO SOLD HIM THE PLACE! AND YET, THEY LOOKED FAMILIAR... AND STRANGE!
YOUR VALET IS WAITING UPSTAIRS... IN YOUR ROOM!
VERY GOOD!
THOSE MEN... SO ODD! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET OUT OF THESE CLOTHES!
WELCOME, COMMANDANT!
FRANZ REINART! Y-YOU! THEN... THE OTHERS...
ALL OF THEM... ALL YOUR VICTIMS... ALL WAITING FOR YOU!
STERN KNEW DEATH WAS STARING HIM IN THE FACE... HORROR FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE! THE HIGH-CEILINGED HALLS ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED WITH HIS AGONIZING SCREAMS AS HE TRIED TO ESCAPE.
NO! NO-O-O-O.O!
BUT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE!
WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME? LET ME GO! PLEASE LET ME GO!
NO! THE LAW FREED YOU... BUT WE WILL TAKE PROPER VENGEANCE FOR THE DEAD!

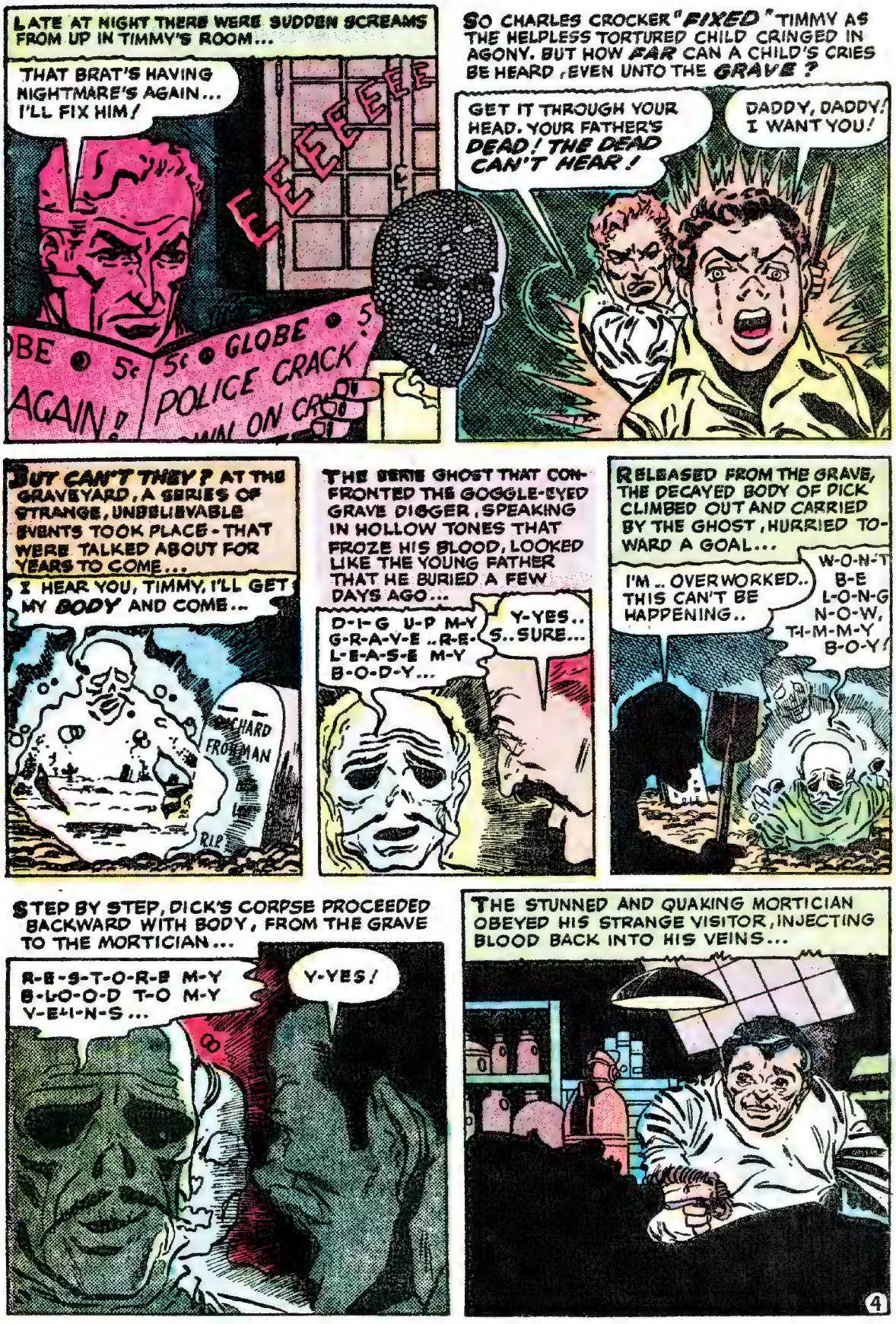
IT WAS A GRISLY THING... ENOUGH TO SNAP THE LAST FIBERS OF SANITY! THESE DEAD THINGS... HOLDING TRIAL ON THE LIVING!
WE HAVE FOUND YOU GUILTY... GUILTY OF THE UNSPEAKABLE CRIME OF MAKING LAMP SHADES OF HUMAN SKIN... AND WE WILL PRONOUNCE PUNISHMENT!
WH-WHAT KIND OF PUNISHMENT?
YOU WILL SUFFER AS YOUR VICTIMS DID!
AHHHHH!
AND... OUTSIDE THE CASTLE...
DID YOU HEAR THAT SCREAMING?
YES... IT SEEMED TO COME FROM IN THERE AND THE FRONT DOOR IS OPEN...
NO ONE AROUND! THE PLACE SEEMS TO BE DESERTED!
I GUESS IT WAS JUST THE WIND WHISTLING THROUGH THESE OLD CORRIDORS! WE MIGHT AS WELL BE GOING!
NO... THERE WOULD BE NOTHING LEFT! NO SIGN OF LUDWIG STERN OR HIS EXECUTIONERS! BUT ONE THING DID REMAIN... SOMETHING THAT SHOWED HOW WELL THE DEAD EXACTED THEIR JUSTICE! A BRAND-NEW LAMP SHADE! DOES THE DESIGN LOOK FAMILIAR? HEH-HEH-HEH!


STOP AWHILE, HORROR-SEEKERS, AND READ THIS TALE YET TO BE TOLD- 'TWILL MAKE YOU SHUDDER- AND PERHAPS WEEP. AND PERHAPS TO WONDER HOW YOU CAN BE GLAD FOR SOMEONE THAT IT IS HIS....
TIME to DIE
THIS MUST BE A DREAM!
I'M COMING, MY SON. NOW'S YOUR TIME, MY TIMMY!
FATHER, FATHER! HELP ME!
YOU BRAT!
HOW CAN A MAN FACE DEATH, KNOWING HE MUST LEAVE ALL ALONE A YOUNG, DEARLY-LOVED SON? DICK FROHMAN KNEW HE MUST DIE - SOON. TIME WAS OF THE ESSENCE TO MAKE SOME ARRANGEMENTS FOR TIMMY'S CARE AND UP-BRINGING. THE PAIN OF SEP-ARATION IS A KEEN, BITTER ONE - BUT ONLY AFTER DEATH DID THEY BOTH FIND PEACE.
by A.C. Hollingsworth
Charles Ferguson
OVER THE HAPPY COMPANIONSHIP OF FATHER AND SON, HUNG A HEAVY PALL. THE BLACK WINGS OF A SHADOWY FIGURE CHILLED THE HEART OF DICK FROHMAN AS HE TENDERLY WATCHED HIS TIMMY...
GEE, DAD, THESE ELECTRIC TRAINS ARE SWELL. THANKS!
YOU DESERVE THEM, TIMMY, BOY.
EACH GOODNIGHT WAS TO THE FATHER A FRIGHTENING SEPARATION FROM HIS MO-THERLESS BOY.
SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, DADDY!
HAPPY DREAMS, TIM. (IF I ONLY MAY HAVE A FEW MORE DAYS.)

Dark Mysteries #16, February 1954. Pencils: A.C. Hollingsworth; inks: Charles Ferguson. Publisher: Master Comics.


THE OMINOUS WORDS OF THE DOCTOR- ONLY YESTERDAY GIVING HIM HIS DEATH SENTENCE, HAMMERED ON DICK'S BRAIN AS THE MINUTES TICKED BY.
I MUST BE HONEST WITH YOU. YOU WILL DIE IN A FEW DAYS!
BUT I MUST LIVE! WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF TIMMY?
NEXT DAY, HIS STORY TOLD TO CHARLES CROCKER, THE BOY'S UNCLE, A WEIGHT LIFTED FROM DICK'S MIND AS CHARLES SEEMED A HELPFUL FRIEND. BUT CHARLES THOUGHT DICK A LITTLE CRACKED..
AND I'LL HAVE MY INSURANCE TURNED OVER TO YOU FOR THE CARE OF TIMMY. PROMISE ME YOU'LL BE GOOD TO HIM, CHARLES!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT MY FRIEND, I'LL GIVE TIMMY EVERY CARE AND AFFECTION!
YOU SEE, CHARLES, I KNOW I WILL BE WATCHING TIMMY EVEN IF I'M DEAD. I'LL KNOW IF HE IS UNHAPPY AND I'LL COME FOR HIM!
IF SOMEONE SAID THAT TO YOU.. WOULD YOU THINK HE WAS CRACKED TOO?
THE NEXT FEW DAYS DICK JUST MARKED TIME, BUT DICK SAVORED EVERY JOY HE COULD IN HIS COMPANIONSHIP WITH TIMMY...
GEE, DAD, THAT WAS A SWELL PITCH!
YOU'RE A GREAT LITTLE CATCHER, TIMMY!
THE PAIN HIT- SUDDENLY, STUNNINGLY...
DADDY, DADDY! WHAT IS IT?
H-E-L-P M-E ... I-N-S-I-D-E. I'-L-L T-E-L-L Y-O-U!
SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, DICK TOLD TIM THAT HE MUST DIE - BUT THAT HIS GOOD FRIEND, CHARLES CROCKER WOULD BE A FATHER TO HIM...
NO, NO! I WANT TO GO WITH YOU! I WANT TO DIE TOO!
YOURS IS NOT THE TIME TO DIE, TIMMY!
AND THEN THE HOUR OF DOOM STRUCK!
MY BOY- YOUR FATHER'S DEAD. HE WOULD WANT YOU TO BE BRAVE!
I WANT TO GO WITH HIM.. PLEASE LET ME!
2

STEP BY STEP, ALL THE REGULAR PROCEEDINGS TO MAKE DEATH FINAL, IRREVOCABLE, FOLLOWED IN DUE COURSE - CLANGING LIKE A BELL IN THE EARS OF THE UNHAPPY BOY...
MR. CROCKER, HERE'S THE DEATH CERTIFICATE FOR DICK!
YES, DR. QUIGLEY!
ON HIS WAY TO HIS LAST RESTING PLACE, DICK'S BODY STOPPED AT THE MORTICIAN FOR EMBALMING AND DRAINING OF HIS BLOOD...
AT THE CHURCH, THE TRAGIC SIGHT OF A GRIEF STRICKEN BOY UNWILLING TO LET HIS FATHER GO, AFFLICTED THE WEEPING EYES OF ALL...
I WANT TO GO WITH YOU, DADDY! TAKE ME, PLEASE!
WAS IT THE IMAGINATION OF AN OVERWROUGHT BOY THAT HEARD HIS FATHER'S ANSWER?
NO, TIMMY, IT IS NOT TIME FOR YOU TO DIE!
NO MORE TEARS, TIMMY. IT'S FINISHED AND YOUR FATHER WILL NEVER COME BACK. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU NOW!
YES, CHARLES!
RICHARD FROHMA
BUT SOON AFTER THE INSURANCE WAS COLLECTED, CHARLES PROCEEDED TO TAKE CARE OF TIMMY, BUT IN HIS OWN WAY...
THERE ARE MORE BARRELS OF ASHES TO TAKE OUT, TIM. HURRY ALONG!
YES, YES, MR. CROCKER!
THIS WAS NOT THE KIND OF "FATHER'S CARE" TIMMY HAD KNOWN - THIS WAS NOT DICK'S KIND OF LOVE AND TENDERNESS...
DADDY, DADDY, WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE ME WITH YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT? FINISH UP AND GO TO BED, TIM!
GLOBE
MEETING
TOMORROW!
3


LATE AT NIGHT THERE WERE SUDDEN SCREAMS FROM UP IN TIMMY'S ROOM...
THAT BRAT'S HAVING NIGHTMARE'S AGAIN... I'LL FIX HIM!
EEEEEEE
BE 5¢
5¢ GLOBE 5¢
AGAIN!
POLICE CRACK
SO CHARLES CROCKER "FIXED" TIMMY AS THE HELPLESS TORTURED CHILD CRINGED IN AGONY. BUT HOW FAR CAN A CHILD'S CRIES BE HEARD, EVEN UNTO THE GRAVE?
GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEAD. YOUR FATHER'S DEAD! THE DEAD CAN'T HEAR!
DADDY, DADDY! I WANT YOU!
BUT CAN'T THEY? AT THE GRAVEYARD, A SERIES OF STRANGE, UNBELIEVABLE EVENTS TOOK PLACE - THAT WERE TALKED ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME...
I HEAR YOU, TIMMY, I'LL GET MY BODY AND COME...
ORCHARD FREEMAN
R.I.P.
THE EERIE GHOST THAT CONFRONTED THE GOGGLE-EYED GRAVE DIGGER, SPEAKING IN HOLLOW TONES THAT FROZE HIS BLOOD, LOOKED LIKE THE YOUNG FATHER THAT HE BURIED A FEW DAYS AGO...
D-I-G U-P M-Y G-R-A-V-E ..R-E-L-E-A-S-E M-Y B-O-D-Y...
Y-YES.. S..SURE...
RELEASED FROM THE GRAVE, THE DECAYED BODY OF DICK CLIMBED OUT AND CARRIED BY THE GHOST, HURRIED TOWARD A GOAL...
I'M .. OVERWORKED.. THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING..
W-O-N-T B-E L-O-N-G N-O-W, T-I-M-M-Y B-O-Y!
STEP BY STEP, DICK'S CORPSE PROCEEDED BACKWARD WITH BODY, FROM THE GRAVE TO THE MORTICIAN...
R-E-S-T-O-R-E M-Y B-L-O-O-D T-O M-Y V-E-I-N-S...
Y-YES!
THE STUNNED AND QUAKING MORTICIAN OBEYED HIS STRANGE VISITOR, INJECTING BLOOD BACK INTO HIS VEINS...
4

THEN, INEXORABLY, DICK'S BLOODED CORPSE PLODED HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF CHARLES WHERE THE BEATEN BOY WHO WAS HIS SON, TIMMY, LAY BEATEN ON THE FLOOR...

WHIMPERING BRAT! TAKE THAT!.. AND THAT! AND... UGH! D-DICK..IT CA'N'T BE!

CONFRONTED BY THE RETURNED DEAD, CHARLES BRAVADO EBBED RAPIDLY AS HE COWERED BEFORE A THING FROM THE UNKNOWN!

I-I WAS JUST DISCIPLINING THE BOY.

FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE, A TORTURED SPIRIT HAD DEFIED ALL THE LAWS OF NATURE, RETURNING FROM IT'S RESTING PLACE OF ETERNAL PEACE TO BRING THE SAME PEACE TO A LITTLE BOY...

A-N-D N-O-W...W-H-E-R-E'S M-Y T-I-M-M-Y?

TIMMY! TIMMY! NOW IS YOUR TIME TO COME WITH ME! I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU!

SOB...DADDY!! YOU HEARD ME!

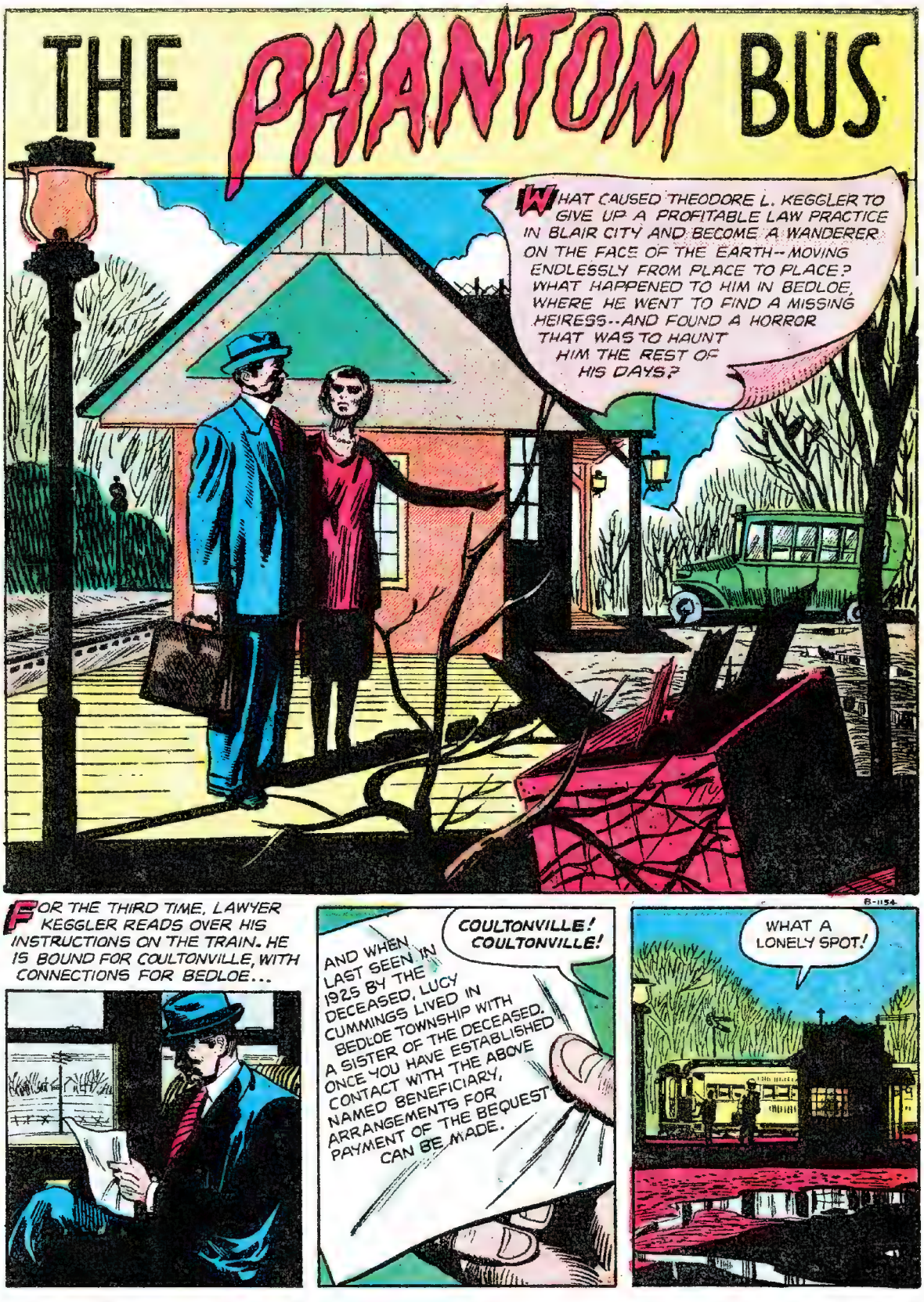
AND ANOTHER MIRACLE TOOK PLACE, TIMMY-HEARD-HIS-FATHER!

DADDY, DADDY... I'M SO HAPPY YOU'VE COME FOR ME!

IT WAS NIGHT AND A COLD WIND BLEW, AS A MAN AND BOY WALKED AFFECTIONATELY TOGETHER IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CEMETERY...

A FATHER - EVEN A DEAD FATHER - CAN HEAR HIS LITTLE SON CALL HIM!

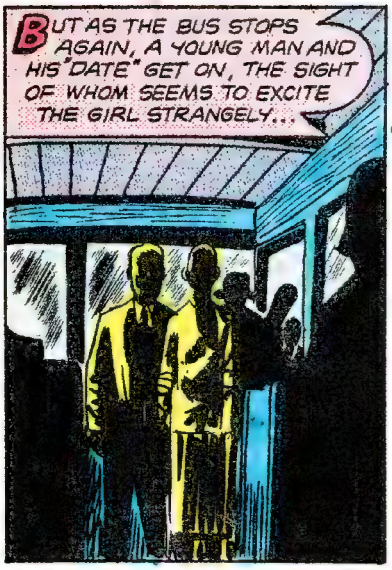
THE END


THE PHANTOM BUS
WHAT CAUSED THEODORE L. KEGGLER TO GIVE UP A PROFITABLE LAW PRACTICE IN BLAIR CITY AND BECOME A WANDERER ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH--MOVING ENDLESSLY FROM PLACE TO PLACE? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM IN BEDLOE, WHERE HE WENT TO FIND A MISSING HEIRESS--AND FOUND A HORROR THAT WAS TO HAUNT HIM THE REST OF HIS DAYS?
B-1154
FOR THE THIRD TIME, LAWYER KEGGLER READS OVER HIS INSTRUCTIONS ON THE TRAIN. HE IS BOUND FOR COULTONVILLE, WITH CONNECTIONS FOR BEDLOE...
AND WHEN LAST SEEN IN 1925 BY THE DECEASED, LUCY CUMMINGS LIVED IN BEDLOE TOWNSHIP WITH A SISTER OF THE DECEASED. ONCE YOU HAVE ESTABLISHED CONTACT WITH THE ABOVE NAMED BENEFICIARY, ARRANGEMENTS FOR PAYMENT OF THE BEQUEST CAN BE MADE.
COULTONVILLE! COULTONVILLE!
WHAT A LONELY SPOT!

The Unseen #6, September 1952. Art: George Roussos. Publisher: Standard.

WHERE DO I TAKE THE BUS FOR BEDLOE?
YOU'VE JUST MISSED THE LAST ONE, MISTER. NO MORE NOW TILL TOMORROW.
HUMPH! JUST MY LUCK TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN A HOLE LIKE THIS! NOW LET'S SEE...
WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE AN ANTIQUE--BUT IT OUGHT TO GET ME THERE!
IF THIS TRAP WILL HOLD TOGETHER LONG ENOUGH TO REACH BEDLOE, I CERTAINLY WON'T COMPLAIN!
ONCE THE BUS GETS MOVING, IT RATTLES ALONG AT A SURPRISING SPEED...
AND THEN...
WHA--WHEN DID ALL THESE PEOPLE GET ON?
I GUESS I JUST WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION.

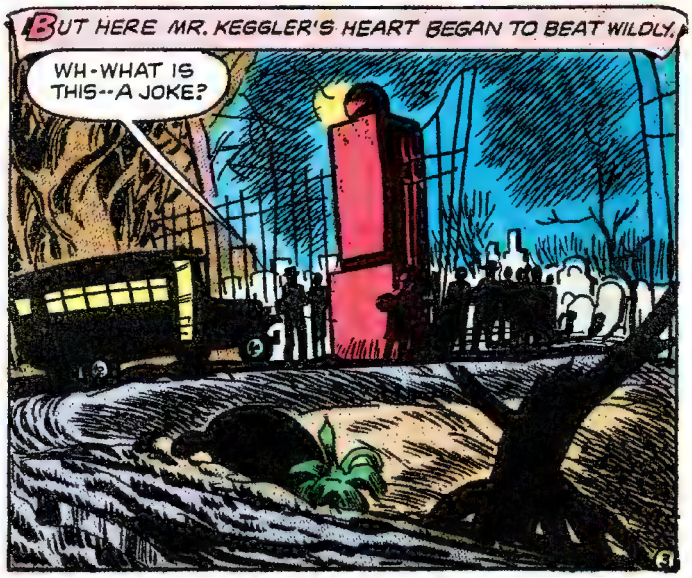
HMM... WHAT MAKES A GIRL WANDER AROUND IN A SWAMP WHILE SHE IS WEARING SUCH FANCY SHOES? AND WITH THOSE HEART-SHAPED BUCKLES, TOO.


BUT AS THE BUS STOPS AGAIN, A YOUNG MAN AND HIS "DATE" GET ON, THE SIGHT OF WHOM SEEMS TO EXCITE THE GIRL STRANGELY...

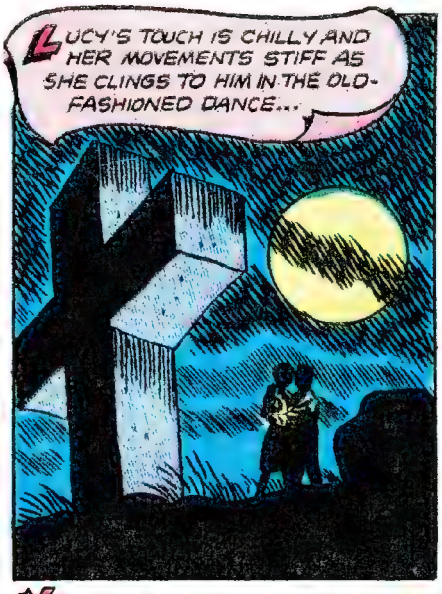
HARRY! HARRY! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU, PLEASE!

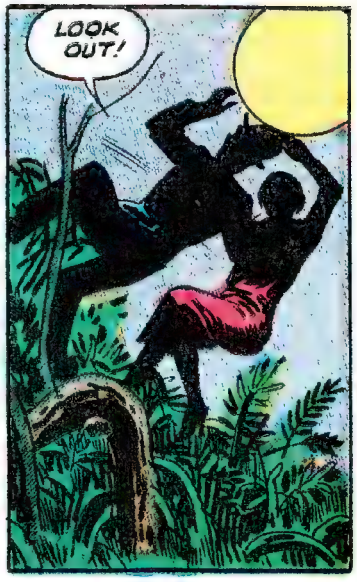
AHEM! I DARE SAY THESE PEOPLE ARE ALL GOING TO A DANCE SOMEWHERE, EH?
YES. IF I COULD BUY A NEW DRESS, I COULD GO, TOO! OH, IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE BEEN TO A DANCE.

END OF LINE! ALL OUT! ALL OUT!

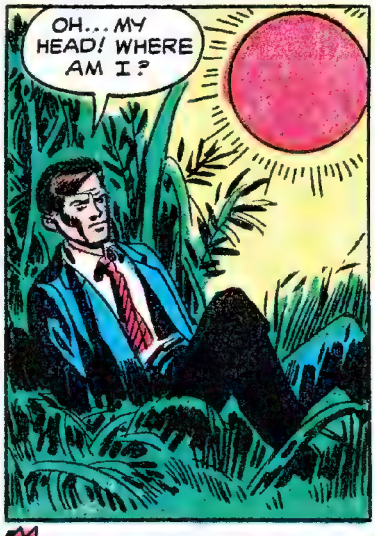

BUT HERE MR. KEGGLER'S HEART BEGAN TO BEAT WILDLY.
WH-WHAT IS THIS--A JOKE?

GREAT SCOTT!
MR. KEGGLER WANTED TO RUN... TO SCREAM-- BUT HE WAS PARALYZED!
HARRY, I'M SAVING THE NEXT DANCE FOR YOU. DO YOU HEAR ME, HARRY!
I KNOW HE HEARD ME! HE JUST WON'T SPEAK TO ME, THAT'S ALL!
YOU'LL DANCE WITH ME, WON'T YOU?
BUT I CAN'T! I'VE GOT-- BUSINESS--TO ATTEND TO. I CAME TO BEDLOE TO FIND-- SOMEBODY!
IN BEDLOE? WHO IS IT? I KNOW EVERYBODY IN TOWN!
WHY--I'M LOOKING FOR LUCY CUMMINGS! KNOW HER?
LUCY CUMMINGS? WHY, THAT'S ME!
YOU? BUT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! YOUR AUNT KATE HAS DIED AND LEFT YOU FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU COME SOONER? WITH THAT MONEY I COULD HAVE HAD A NEW DRESS...AND HARRY WOULD HAVE TAKEN ME TO THE DANCE INSTEAD. OH, WE COULD HAVE BEEN MARRIED BY NOW!
9

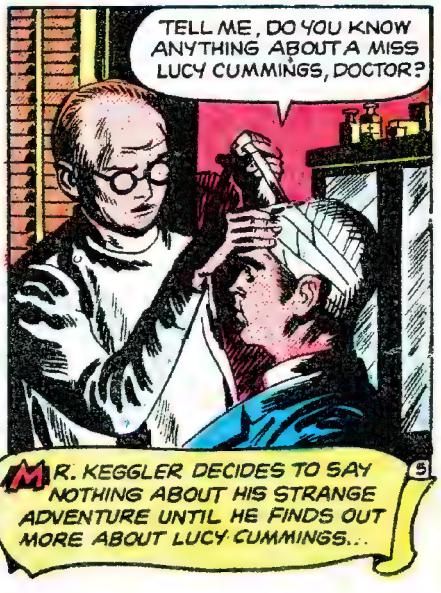




NEXT DAY, MR. KEGGLER WOKE UP IN THE BOTTOM OF A RAVINE...



MR. KEGGLER SOUGHT MEDICAL ATTENTION IN BEDLOE...



MR. KEGGLER DECIDES TO SAY NOTHING ABOUT HIS STRANGE ADVENTURE UNTIL HE FINDS OUT MORE ABOUT LUCY CUMMINGS...

YES! I KNEW LUCY CUMMINGS VERY WELL. SHE OPERATED THE TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD HERE IN BEDLOE--AROUND 1925--THAT WAS...
"ONE RAINY NIGHT, SHE LEARNED THAT HER BOY-FRIEND WAS COMING TO BEDLOE BY THE LOCAL BUS--TO A DANCE HERE. WHAT'S MORE, HE WAS BRINGING THE RICH PARSONS GIRL WITH HIM...
"...WE NEVER DID FIND OUT WHAT THEY'D QUARRELED ABOUT--BUT LATER, WHEN THE CALL CAME ABOUT THE BRIDGE ON THE TURNPIKE WASHING OUT...
"LUCY WENT OFF DUTY WITHOUT SAYING A WORD ABOUT IT TO ANYBODY...
YOU LOOK FEVERISH, KID! ANYTHING WRONG?
NO! NOT A THING! EVERYTHING IS FINE--NOW!
"THE BUS, OF COURSE, WENT INTO THE STREAM AND EVERYONE ON IT WAS DROWNED!
LOCAL BUS LOST WITH ALL PASSENGERS AS BRIDGE WASHES OUT
AMONG THOSE STILL MISSING ARE HARRY OLIVER, BRENDA PARSONS, AND--
"WHAT LUCY MUST HAVE FELT, WE NEVER KNEW..."
SHE DISAPPEARED THAT SAME DAY. NOBODY EVER FOUND HER BODY, SO MAYBE SHE'S STILL ALIVE SOMEWHERE!
6

ONCE MR. KEGGLER HAS HEARD THE STORY OF LUCY CUMMINGS, HE HASTENS TO LEAD A SEARCHING PARTY TO THE RAVINE IN THE CEMETARY...

...AND YOU'LL FIND THE GUN A LITTLE TO THE LEFT OF THE SLIPPER.

JUST THE SAME, IT STRIKES ME AS BEING A LITTLE ODD YOU SHOULD BE WANDERING UP HERE LAST NIGHT... IN A PLACE SO FAR FROM THE ROAD.

MR. KEGGLER SPENDS AN EMBARRASSING DAY, ANSWERING A GREAT MANY QUESTIONS— FOR IT IS DIFFICULT TO TELL HIS INQUISITORS THAT HE HAS TALKED TO THE DEAD GIRL HERSELF! HOWEVER, HIS STORY IS FINALLY SIGNED AND NOTARIZED.

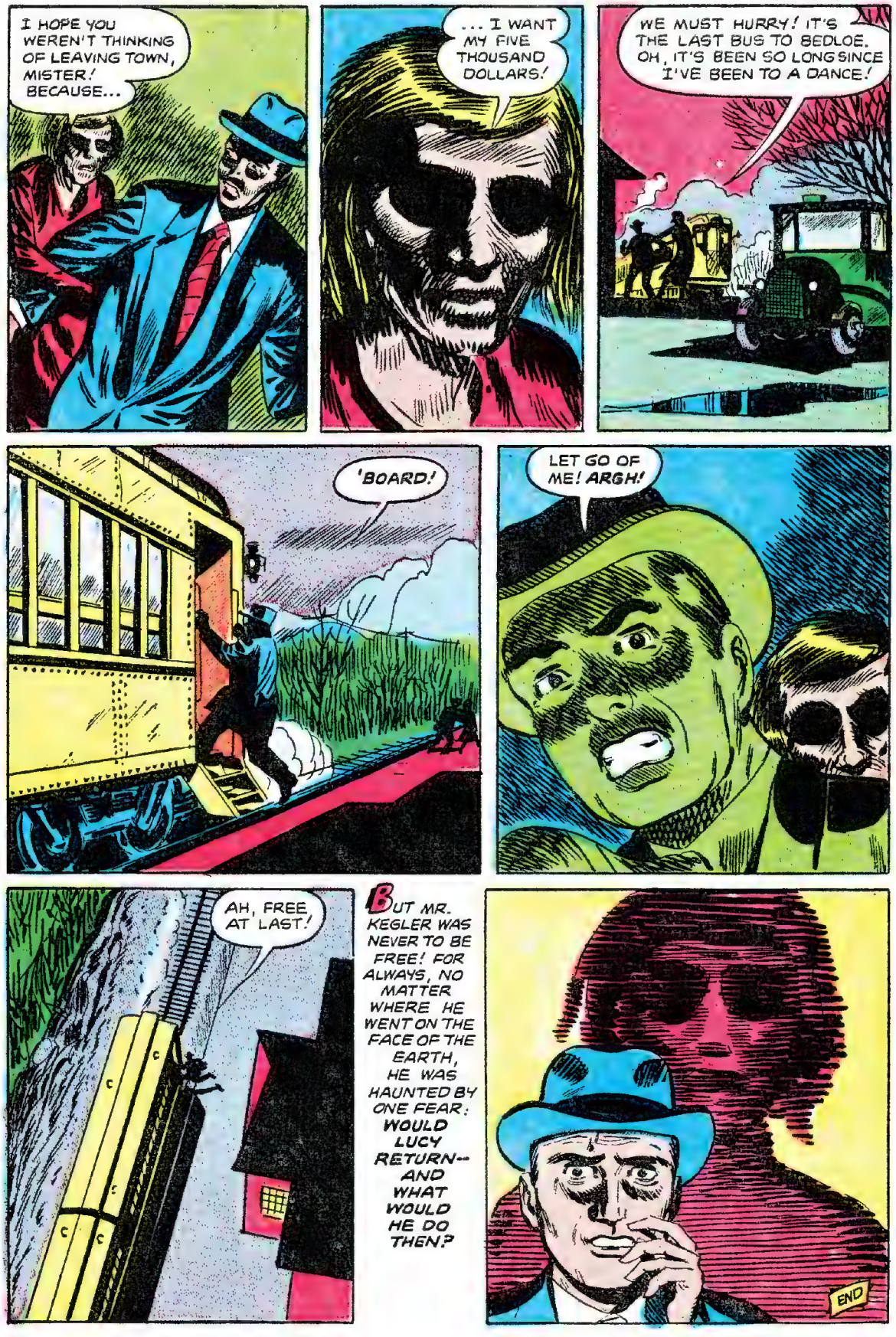
THAT NIGHT HE LEAVES BEDLOE, AND THIS TIME THERE IS NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THE BUS THAT TAKES HIM TO THE RAILROAD STATION AT COULTONVILLE...

NOW FOR THE TRAIN AND HOME!

TICKET TO BLAIR CITY, PLEASE! CAN YOU TELL ME WHEN THE NEXT TRAIN WILL BE IN?

IF YOU LISTEN, YOU CAN HEAR IT COMING IN NOW. YOU'RE JUST IN TIME.

YOU!

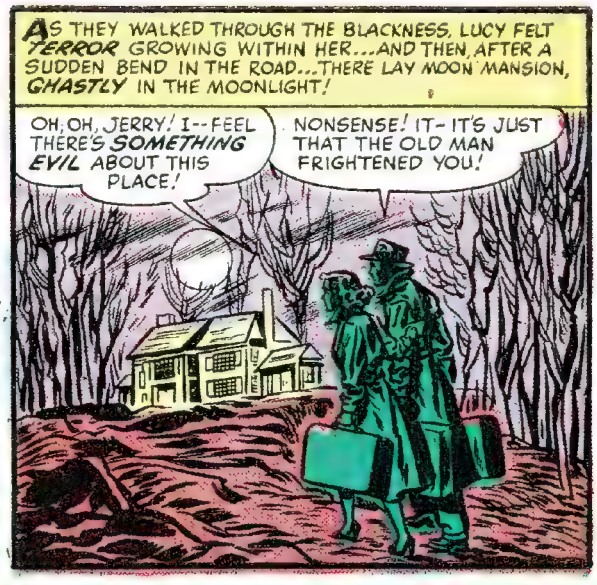

I HOPE YOU WEREN'T THINKING OF LEAVING TOWN, MISTER! BECAUSE...
... I WANT MY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
WE MUST HURRY! IT'S THE LAST BUS TO BEDLOE. OH, IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE BEEN TO A DANCE!
'BOARD!
LET GO OF ME! ARGH!
AH, FREE AT LAST!
BUT MR. KEGLER WAS NEVER TO BE FREE! FOR ALWAYS, NO MATTER WHERE HE WENT ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, HE WAS HAUNTED BY ONE FEAR: WOULD LUCY RETURN-- AND WHAT WOULD HE DO THEN?
END

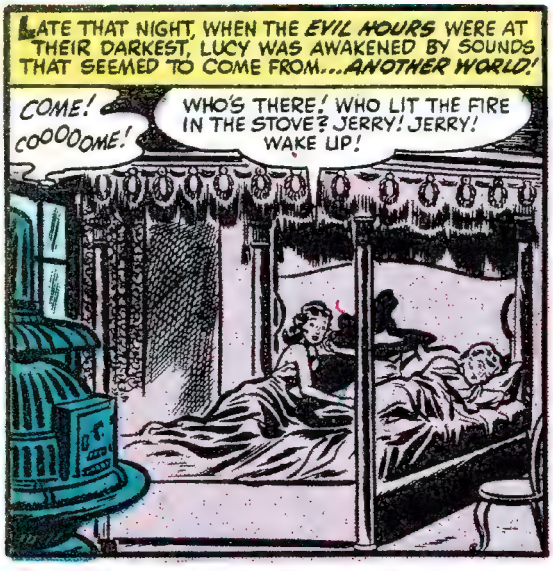
MURDER MANSION

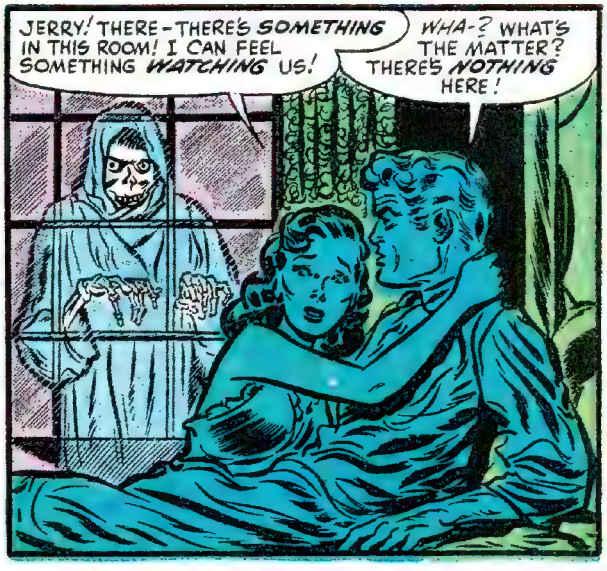
The CREATURES WHO RULE THE DEAD DID NOT SLEEP QUIETLY BENEATH THE ROTTING HOUSE! THEY REACHED FROM ANOTHER WORLD, CALLING THROUGH THE SHADOWS, WAITING... WAITING TO CLAIM TENANTS FOR THE...
LUCY AND JERRY WILLIAMS SPED THROUGH THE NEW ENGLAND NIGHT TO SPEND THEIR HONEY-MOON IN LUCY'S FAMILY MANSION- A HOUSE SHE HAD INHERITED... A HOUSE SHE HAD NEVER SEEN!
OH, DARLING, I HOPE WE LIKE MOON MANSION.
IT'S PROBABLY A SWEET LITTLE PLACE... AND IT'S ALL OURS!
BUT AS THE YOUNG COUPLE WENT OUT INTO THE NIGHT AIR, LUCY WAS UNEASY! A SOLITARY CAB DRIVER WAS THE ONLY FIGURE IN THE DESERTED DEPOT...
WHAT A DREADFUL PLACE! WHAT A QUEER OLD MAN!
HERE WE ARE, DARLING... OH, DRIVER! CAN YOU TAKE US TO MOON MANSION?
MOONVIL

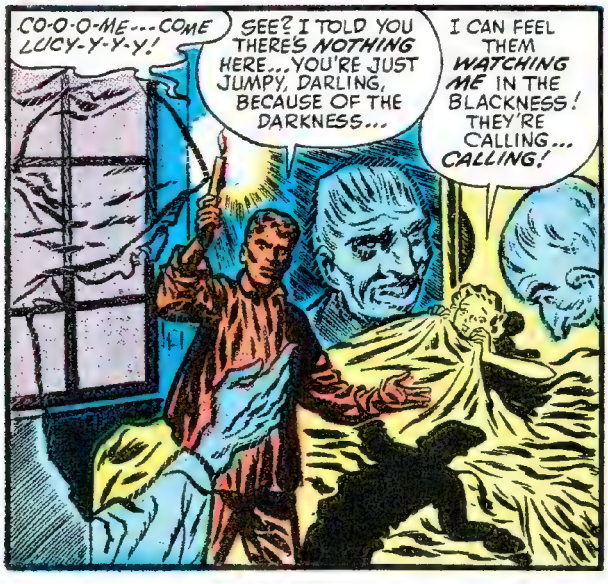
Witches Tales #6, November 1951. Art: Lee Elias. Publisher: Harvey Comics.

I DON'T GO TO MOON MANSION! THE DEVIL LIVES THERE- IT'S HAUNTED! YE KIN WALK UP THE ROAD TO GIT THERE, BUT IF YE WANT TO LIVE- STAY AWAY FROM MOON MANSION!

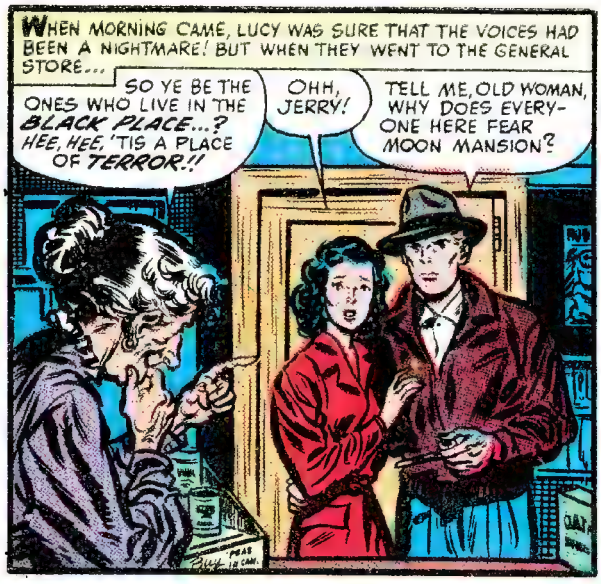

AS THEY WALKED THROUGH THE BLACKNESS, LUCY FELT TERROR GROWING WITHIN HER...AND THEN, AFTER A SUDDEN BEND IN THE ROAD...THERE LAY MOON MANSION, GHASTLY IN THE MOONLIGHT!
OH, OH, JERRY! I--FEEL THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT THIS PLACE!
NONSENSE! IT- IT'S JUST THAT THE OLD MAN FRIGHTENED YOU!


LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE EVIL HOURS WERE AT THEIR DARKEST, LUCY WAS AWAKENED BY SOUNDS THAT SEEMED TO COME FROM...ANOTHER WORLD!
COME! COOOOME!
WHO'S THERE! WHO LIT THE FIRE IN THE STOVE? JERRY! JERRY! WAKE UP!

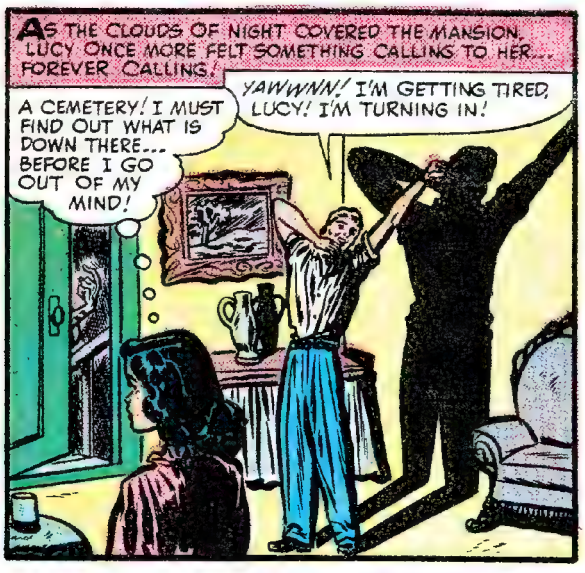

JERRY! THERE - THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS ROOM! I CAN FEEL SOMETHING WATCHING US!
WHA-? WHAT'S THE MATTER? THERE'S NOTHING HERE!

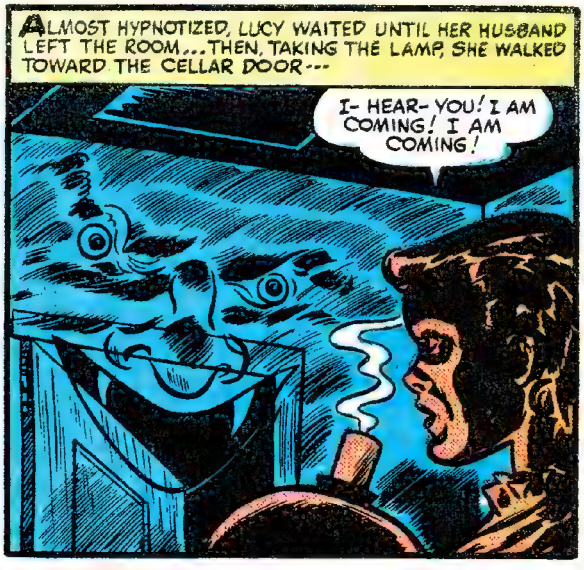

CO-O-O-ME...COME LUCY-Y-Y-Y!
SEE? I TOLD YOU THERE'S NOTHING HERE...YOU'RE JUST JUMPY, DARLING, BECAUSE OF THE DARKNESS...
I CAN FEEL THEM WATCHING ME IN THE BLACKNESS! THEY'RE CALLING... CALLING!

THE VOICES ECHOED IN LUCY'S BRAIN! SHE FELT THE CREATURES OF DREAD PRESSING TOWARD HER THROUGH THE SHADOWS...
NOW YOU JUST GO TO SLEEP, DARLING... I WON'T LET ANYTHING HURT YOU!
JERRY...IF WE DON'T LEAVE...YOU- YOU WILL REGRET IT...I FEEL THE TOUCH OF DEATH IN THIS ROOM!

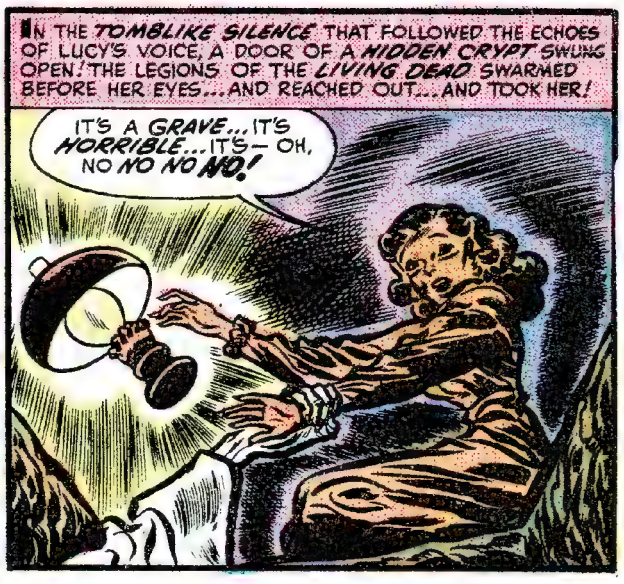

WHEN MORNING CAME, LUCY WAS SURE THAT THE VOICES HAD BEEN A NIGHTMARE! BUT WHEN THEY WENT TO THE GENERAL STORE...
SO YE BE THE ONES WHO LIVE IN THE BLACK PLACE...? HEE, HEE, 'TIS A PLACE OF TERROR!!
OHH, JERRY!
TELL ME, OLD WOMAN, WHY DOES EVERY-ONE HERE FEAR MOON MANSION?

IT WAS BUILT OVER A CEMETERY! HEE HEE! THE CREATURES OF THE GRAVES ROAM THE ROOMS OF THE MANSION! RUN AWAY, I TELL YOU, RUN! RUN!


AS THE CLOUDS OF NIGHT COVERED THE MANSION, LUCY ONCE MORE FELT SOMETHING CALLING TO HER... FOREVER CALLING!
A CEMETERY! I MUST FIND OUT WHAT IS DOWN THERE... BEFORE I GO OUT OF MY MIND!
YAWWNN! I'M GETTING TIRED, LUCY! I'M TURNING IN!


ALMOST HYPNOTIZED, LUCY WAITED UNTIL HER HUSBAND LEFT THE ROOM... THEN, TAKING THE LAMP, SHE WALKED TOWARD THE CELLAR DOOR---
I- HEAR- YOU! I AM COMING! I AM COMING!

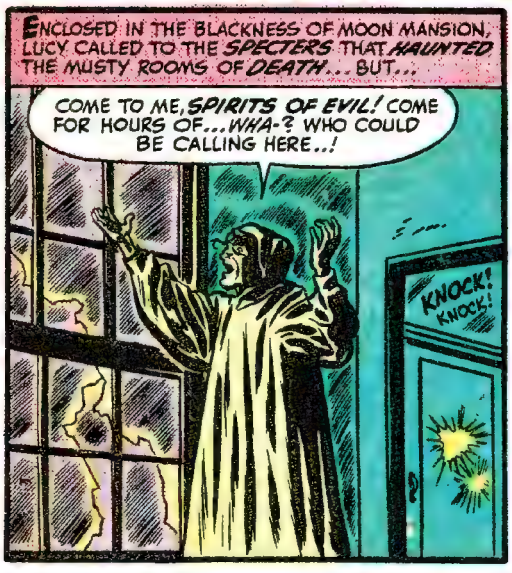
I- I SEE NOTHING! NOTHING! WHAT IS DOWN THERE!

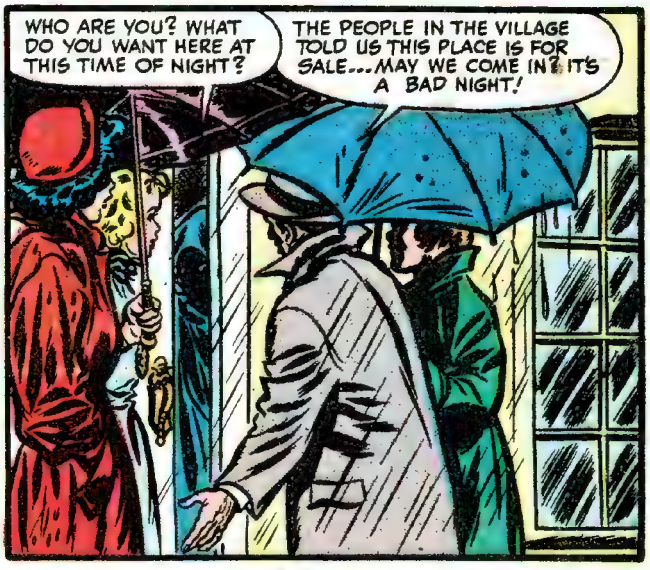

IN THE TOMBLIKE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED THE ECHOES OF LUCY'S VOICE, A DOOR OF A HIDDEN CRYPT SWUNG OPEN! THE LEGIONS OF THE LIVING DEAD SWARMED BEFORE HER EYES... AND REACHED OUT... AND TOOK HER!
IT'S A GRAVE... IT'S HORRIBLE... IT'S— OH, NO NO NO NO!

NO-DON'T-
ARRRGHH!
THE SCREAMING DARKNESS OF THE PIT CLOSED OVER LUCY, AND WHEN SHE EMERGED, SHE WAS A WALKING CORPSE...A WITCH OF EVIL!
NOW I KNOW WHAT CALLED ME...HEE HEE! I MUST--KILL! I--MUST KILL--JERRY--HEE! HEE! HEE!
JERRYYY... JERRYYYYY... I AM COMING UP TO YOU NOWWW...
WHA-! WHO IS THAT? LUCY---WHERE ARE YOU, LUCY?!!
LUCY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?? YOU LOOK SO STRANGE! YOU LOOK SO DIFFERENT! WHAT'S HAPPENED... LUCY!!
IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, MY DARLING...JUST LET ME PRESS THIS LITTLE BUTTON! HEE, HEE!
STOP! THE BED... IT'S GOING TO CRUSH ME... YOU'RE NOT LUCY! WHAT ARE YOU? STOP!!
THIS IS WHAT CALLED ME, MY DARLING... DEATH! HA HA HA HARRGH! DEATH! DEATH!
LIKE A HORRIBLE VISE, THE BED CANOPY LOWERED, BRINGING THE CRUSHING SOUNDS OF BLOODY DEATH!
NO! NOOORRRGRGG...
HA HA! MOON MANSION IS NOT FOR THE LIVING! IT SHALL BE THE HOME OF DARKNESS UNTIL THE DAY OF DOOM!

WHERE BE YER HUSBAND, MRS. WILLIAMS?
HE HAD TO GO AWAY- BUSINESS! HEE HEE! GIVE ME MY THINGS AND LET ME GO!

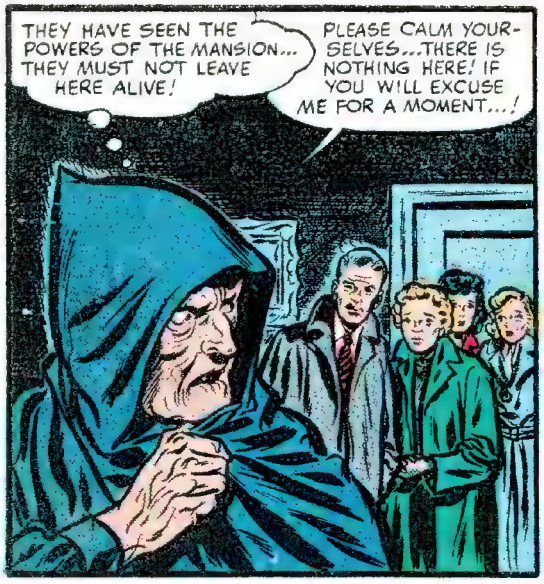
WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO LIVE IN THE BLACK PLACE? MY, BUT SHE ACTED STRANGE-LIKE!


ENCLOSED IN THE BLACKNESS OF MOON MANSION, LUCY CALLED TO THE SPECTERS THAT HAUNTED THE MUSTY ROOMS OF DEATH... BUT...
COME TO ME, SPIRITS OF EVIL! COME FOR HOURS OF... WHA-? WHO COULD BE CALLING HERE..!
KNOCK! KNOCK!

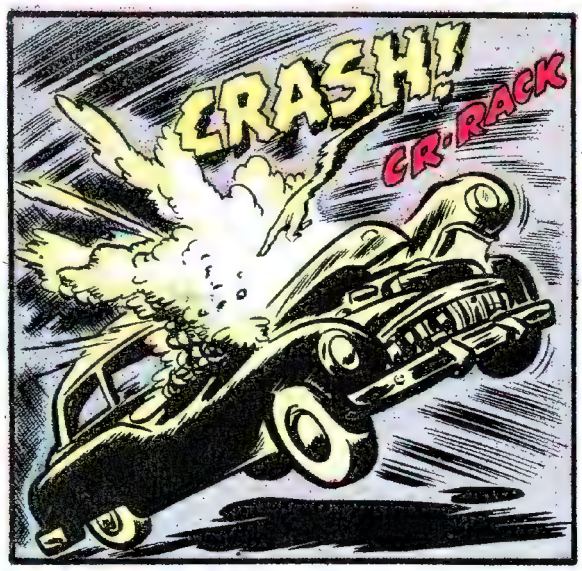

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
THE PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE TOLD US THIS PLACE IS FOR SALE... MAY WE COME IN? IT'S A BAD NIGHT!

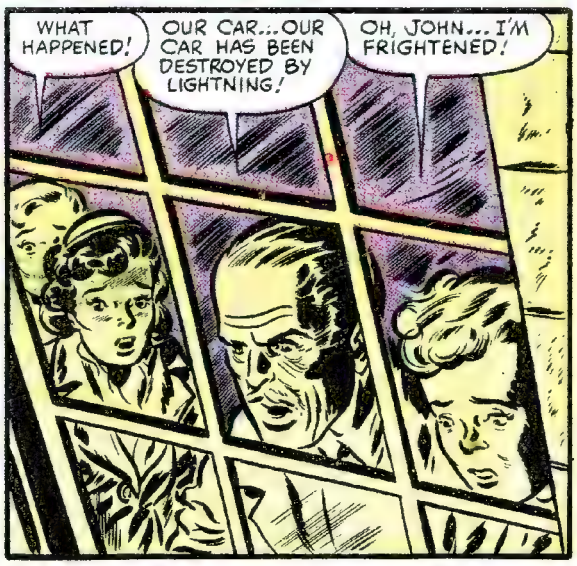
I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE, JOHN... IT SCARES ME!
HUSH, DEAR, SHE'LL HEAR YOU!
THEY LIED TO YOU! THERE IS SOME MISTAKE! THIS PLACE IS NOT FOR... YOU! PLEASE GO!

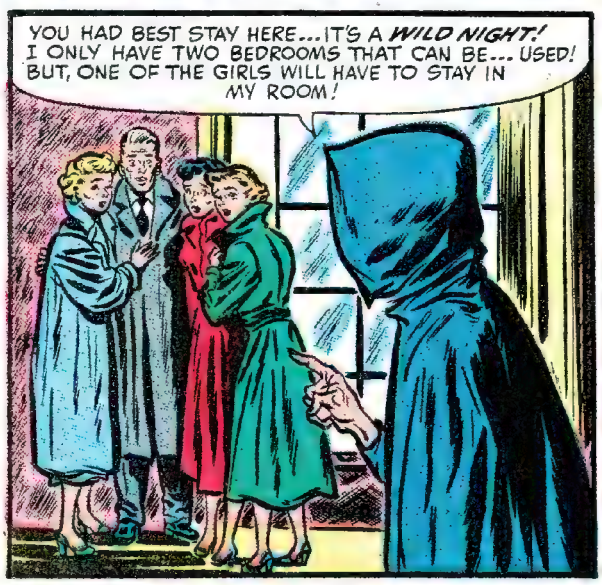
BUT THE "THINGS" HAD COME AT LUCY'S CALL! EVEN THOUGH SHE COULD NOT SEE THROUGH THE SHADOWS THAT CLUSTERED ABOUT LUCY, THE WOMAN COULD SENSE THE PRESENCE OF EVIL...
EEEEEE- JOHN! I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING BEHIND HER... SOMETHING HORRIBLE... TAKE ME AWAY!
WHA-! PLEASE, DEAR, IT'S JUST THE LIGHTNING!

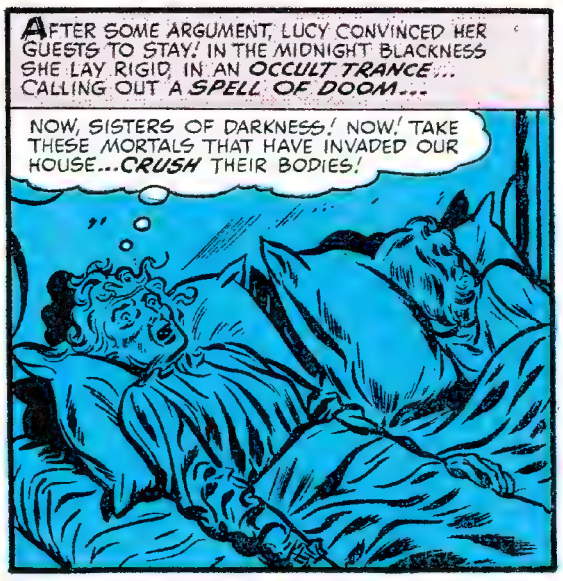

THEY HAVE SEEN THE POWERS OF THE MANSION... THEY MUST NOT LEAVE HERE ALIVE!
PLEASE CALM YOURSELVES...THERE IS NOTHING HERE! IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT...!

WHILE THE VISITORS WAITED, LUCY PRACTISED THE BLACK ARTS! HER PURPOSE WAS THE PURPOSE OF... MURDER!..
SLAVE-SPIRIT OF MY MURDERED HUSBAND! OUTSIDE IS THE CAR IN WHICH THE VISITORS HAVE COME... DESTROY IT! LET THEM NOT ESCAPE THE TOMBS OF MOON MANSION...
IT...SHALL BE... DOOOOONE...

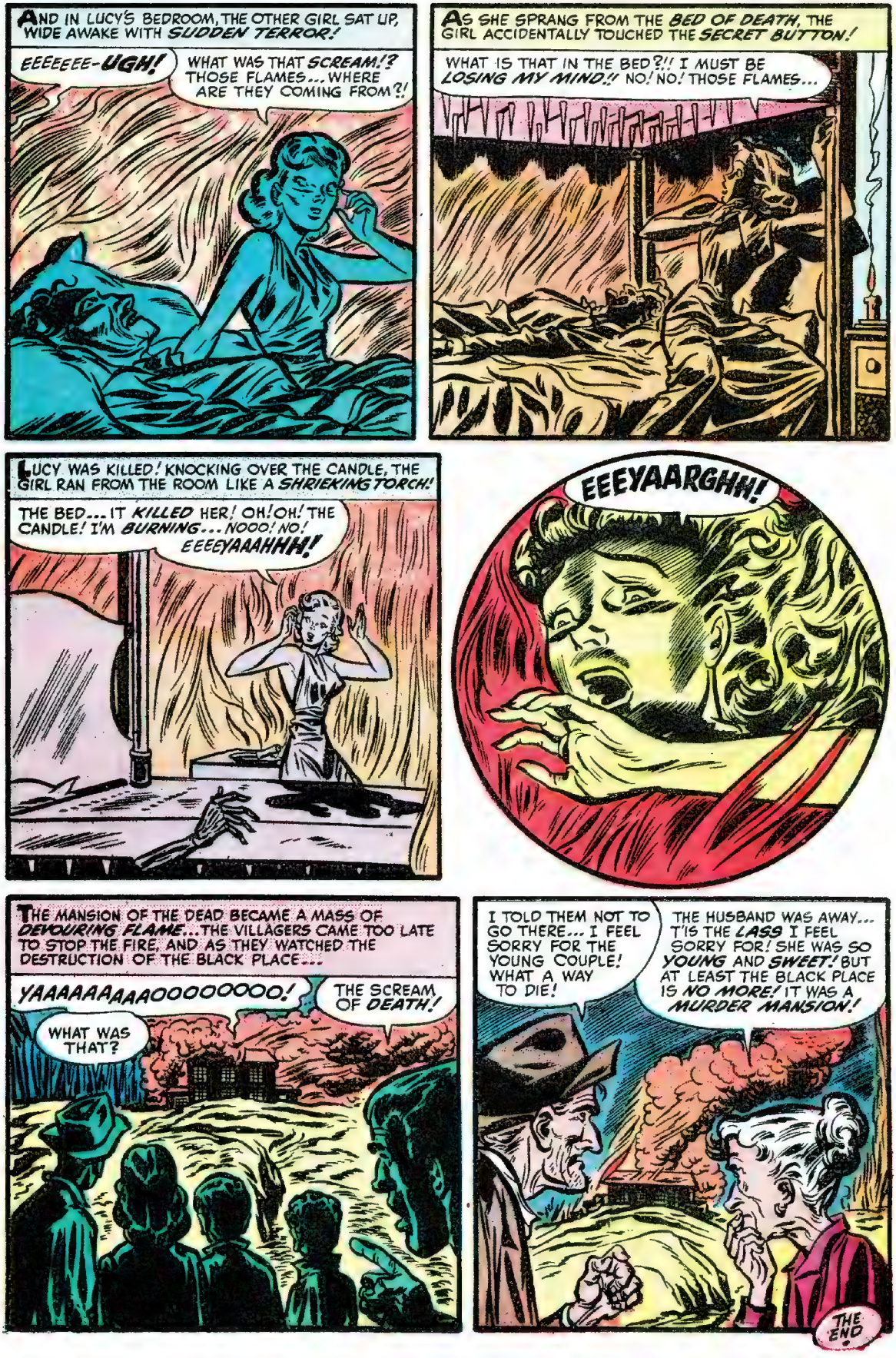

CRASH!
CR-RACK


WHAT HAPPENED!
OUR CAR...OUR CAR HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING!
OH, JOHN... I'M FRIGHTENED!


YOU HAD BEST STAY HERE...IT'S A WILD NIGHT! I ONLY HAVE TWO BEDROOMS THAT CAN BE... USED! BUT, ONE OF THE GIRLS WILL HAVE TO STAY IN MY ROOM!


AFTER SOME ARGUMENT, LUCY CONVINCED HER GUESTS TO STAY! IN THE MIDNIGHT BLACKNESS SHE LAY RIGID IN AN OCCULT TRANCE... CALLING OUT A SPELL OF DOOM...
NOW, SISTERS OF DARKNESS! NOW! TAKE THESE MORTALS THAT HAVE INVADED OUR HOUSE...CRUSH THEIR BODIES!

THE FURIES OF THE DEAD AROSE TO LUCY'S CALL! IN THE NEXT BEDROOM, THEY TORTURED THE MINDS AND BODIES OF THE VISITORS...
JOHN! THERE IS SOMETHING HERE! WHAT IS THAT BLUE LIGHT? OH, MY BODY ACHES SO... SUCH TERRIBLE PAIN... HELP ME, JOHN!
WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S THE MATT--LOOK! THOSE HIDEOUS EYES!
A!YEEE!... I CAN'T STAND IT! HELP! THE PAIN... THE PAIN! ARRRRR... HELP MEEEE...
STOP! STOP!... OH! MY HEART... MY HEART... ARGGGHHHGGHGH!
DIE!
DIE!
DIE!
MOON MANSION HAD CLAIMED BLOOD AGAIN...
AND IN THE BEDROOM OF THE GIRL WHO SLEPT ALONE, THE SMELL OF DEATH ALSO ENTERED! LONG SPIKES SILENTLY SLID OUT OF THE WALLS MAKING THE ROOM A CHAMBER OF HORRORS...
WHAT IS THAT FIRE? I MUST GET OUT OF HERE... FATHER! MOTHER! HELP! HELP!
BUT THE GIRL'S MOTHER AND FATHER WERE BEYOND HELPING ANYONE! THE GIRL RACED TOWARD THE POINTS OF MURDER, THE SLENDER SPIKES SHE DID NOT SEE...
EEEEEEE! THE FACES! THE HORRIBLE FACES... I MUST GET OUT OF HERE... HELP! HELP!
EEEEEEEEE-UGH!


AND IN LUCY'S BEDROOM, THE OTHER GIRL SAT UP, WIDE AWAKE WITH SUDDEN TERROR!
EEEEEEE-UGH!
WHAT WAS THAT SCREAM!? THOSE FLAMES... WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM?!
AS SHE SPRANG FROM THE BED OF DEATH, THE GIRL ACCIDENTALLY TOUCHED THE SECRET BUTTON!
WHAT IS THAT IN THE BED?!! I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND!! NO! NO! THOSE FLAMES...
LUCY WAS KILLED! KNOCKING OVER THE CANDLE, THE GIRL RAN FROM THE ROOM LIKE A SHRIEKING TORCH!
THE BED... IT KILLED HER! OH! OH! THE CANDLE! I'M BURNING... NOOO! NO! EEEEYAAAHHH!
EEEYAARGHH!
THE MANSION OF THE DEAD BECAME A MASS OF DEVOURING FLAME... THE VILLAGERS CAME TOO LATE TO STOP THE FIRE, AND AS THEY WATCHED THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BLACK PLACE...
YAAAAAAAAOOOOOOOO!
THE SCREAM OF DEATH!
WHAT WAS THAT?
I TOLD THEM NOT TO GO THERE... I FEEL SORRY FOR THE YOUNG COUPLE! WHAT A WAY TO DIE!
THE HUSBAND WAS AWAY... T'IS THE LASS I FEEL SORRY FOR! SHE WAS SO YOUNG AND SWEET! BUT AT LEAST THE BLACK PLACE IS NO MORE! IT WAS A MURDER MANSION!
THE END

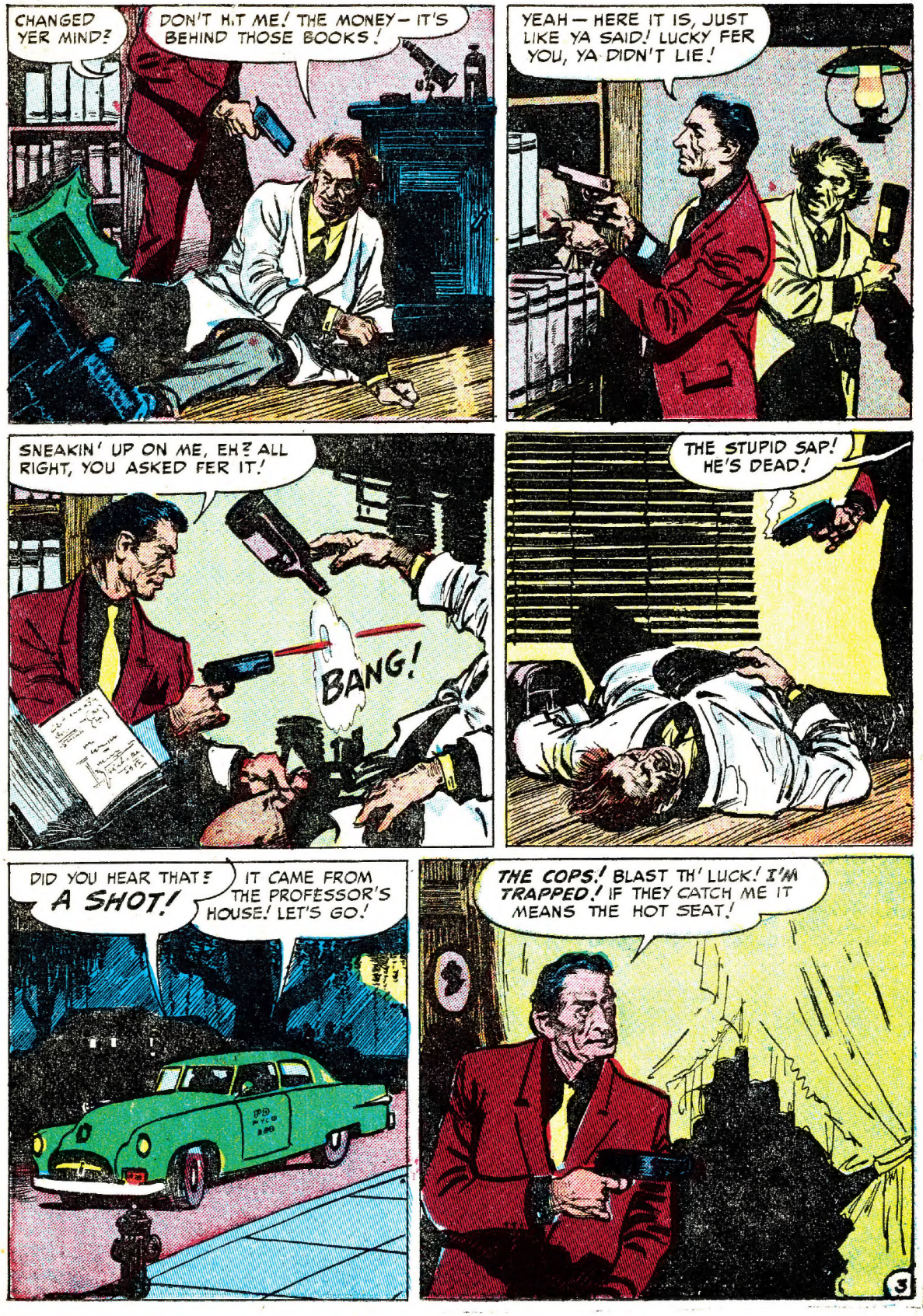
HE WAS A MURDERER, DOOMED TO BURN IN THE HOT SEAT UNLESS HE COULD SOMEHOW OUTWIT STERN JUSTICE. IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HE WOULD WALK THAT "LAST MILE" TO THE CHAIR. BUT THEN ROCCO WAS SEIZED BY A WILD, OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD INSPIRATION AS HE SOUGHT TO FIND...

the PERFECT HIDEOUT!

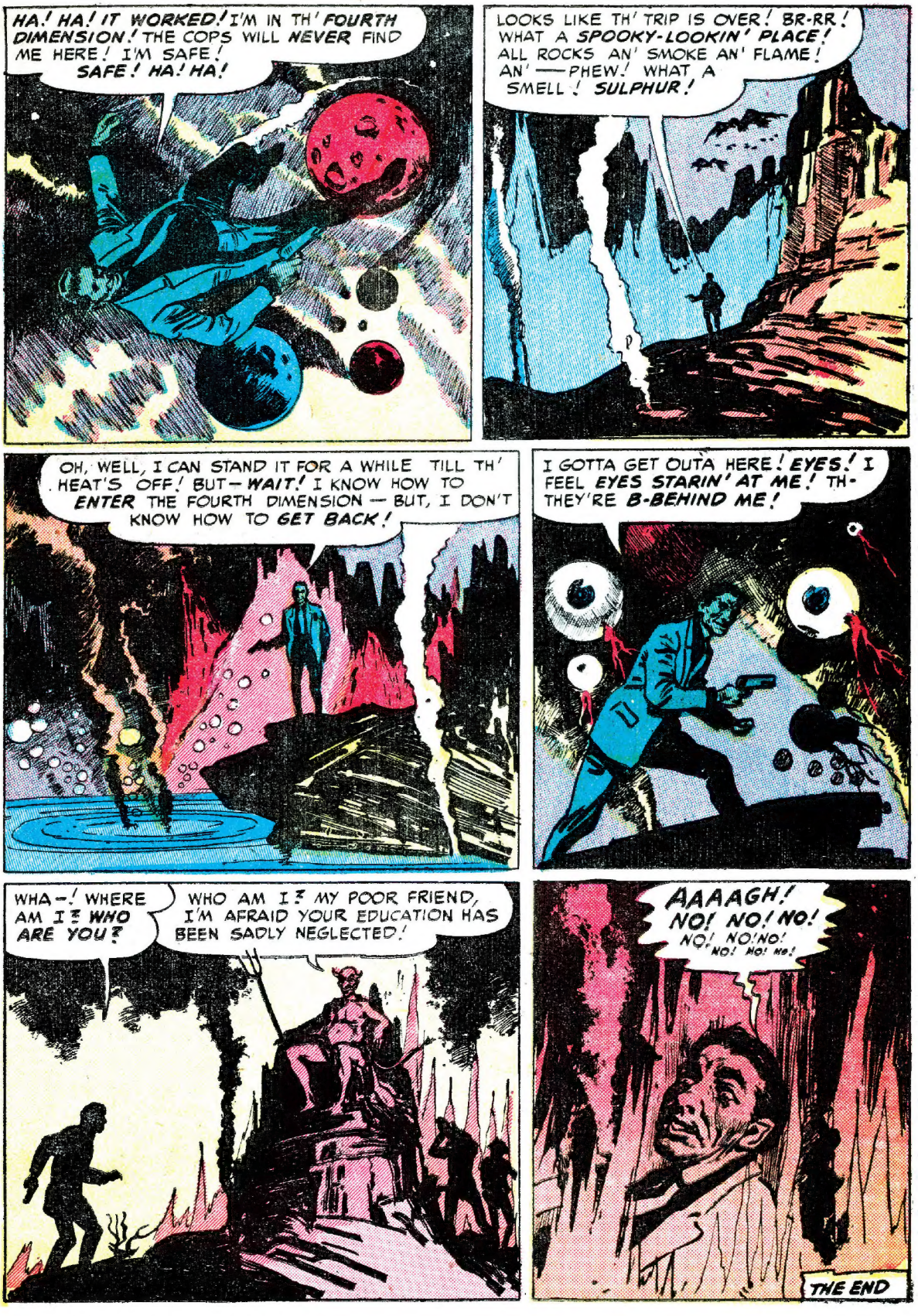
HA! HA! WOTTA SET UP! THE STUPID COPPERS'D NEVER THINK OF LOOKIN' FER ME IN TH' FOURTH DIMENSION! — AN' EVEN IF THEY DID THEY'D NEVER FIND ME! I'M SAFE! I'M SAFE!

Eerie Adventures #1, Winter 1951. Art: Gerald McCann. Publisher: Ziff-Davis.

EVENING. THE HOME-LABORATORY OF ECCENTRIC, WEALTHY SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR WENDELL WHITNEY!
AT LAST! I'VE SUCCEEDED WHERE ALL OTHERS FAILED! THIS AMAZING DISCOVERY WILL REVOLUTIONIZE SCIENCE!
GET 'EM UP, PROFESSOR!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THIS INTRUSION?
YOU'VE COME TO ROB ME!
SURE! EVERYBODY KNOWS YA KEEP A BIG WAD OF COIN AROUND THIS PLACE! BUT, TELL ME, WHAT'S THIS NEW DISCOVERY YER SO EXCITED ABOUT?
I'VE DISCOVERED A WAY TO BRIDGE THE DIMENSIONS! MY MACHINE, HERE, CAN PROJECT OBJECTS INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION, A STRANGE WORLD EXISTING UNSEEN ABOUT US! I WAS JUST GOING TO BEGIN THE FIRST REAL TEST WHEN YOU BROKE IN!
WHAT KINDA TEST?
I WAS ABOUT TO LAUNCH MYSELF INTO THE UNKNOWN, TO EXPLORE THE AMAZING, UNFATHOMABLE WORLD OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION!
THAT CAN WAIT! SHELL OUT THE DOUGH!
NO! I WON'T DO IT! I — AGH!
I SAID — GIVE!
SPLAT!
2


CHANGED YER MIND?
DON'T HIT ME! THE MONEY— IT'S BEHIND THOSE BOOKS!
YEAH— HERE IT IS, JUST LIKE YA SAID! LUCKY FER YOU, YA DIDN'T LIE!
SNEAKIN' UP ON ME, EH? ALL RIGHT, YOU ASKED FER IT!
BANG!
THE STUPID SAP! HE'S DEAD!
DID YOU HEAR THAT? A SHOT!
IT CAME FROM THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE! LET'S GO!
THE COPS! BLAST TH' LUCK! I'M TRAPPED! IF THEY CATCH ME IT MEANS THE HOT SEAT!
3

BUT WAIT! WHAT WAS THAT FOOL PROFESSOR BLABBIN' ABOUT? TH' FOURTH DIMENSION — AN' INVISIBLE WORLD THAT EXISTS AROUND US!
I GOT IT! HA! HA! I'LL VANISH INTO TH' FOURTH DIMENSION! IT'LL BE THE PERFECT HIDEOUT! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME!
THE DOOR'S LOCKED BUT SOMEONE'S INSIDE! I CAN HEAR HIM LAUGHING — BREAK THE DOOR DOWN!
LET'S SEE! FIRST I TURN ON TH' RAY...
THEN I STEP INTO IT! I-I'M DISSOLVING! IT'S WORKING!!
LOOK! THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE FLOOR! IT'S THE PROFESSOR!
HE'S DEAD!


HA! HA! IT WORKED! I'M IN TH' FOURTH DIMENSION! THE COPS WILL NEVER FIND ME HERE! I'M SAFE! SAFE! HA! HA!
LOOKS LIKE TH' TRIP IS OVER! BR-RR! WHAT A SPOOKY-LOOKIN' PLACE! ALL ROCKS AN' SMOKE AN' FLAME! AN' — PHEW! WHAT A SMELL! SULPHUR!
OH, WELL, I CAN STAND IT FOR A WHILE TILL TH' HEAT'S OFF! BUT — WAIT! I KNOW HOW TO ENTER THE FOURTH DIMENSION — BUT, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GET BACK!
I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE! EYES! I FEEL EYES STARIN' AT ME! TH- THEY'RE B-BEHIND ME!
WHA—! WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU?
WHO AM I? MY POOR FRIEND, I'M AFRAID YOUR EDUCATION HAS BEEN SADLY NEGLECTED!
AAAAGH! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!
THE END